

ART-TYPE EDITION

# POEMS

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

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# VOICES OF THE NIGHT

## PRELUDE

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping caves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;  
It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
"Come, be a child once more!"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar,—

(Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere!  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer!  
Like one in prayer I stood.)

Before me rose an avenue  
 Of tall and sombrous pines;  
 Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
 And, where the sunshine darted through,  
 Spread a vapor soft and blue,  
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
 Like a fast-falling shower,  
 The dreams of youth came back again,—  
 Low lisps of the summer rain,  
 Dropping on the ripened grain,  
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!  
 Ye were so sweet and wild!  
 And distant voices seemed to say,  
 "It cannot be! They pass away!  
 Other themes demand thy lay;  
 Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,  
 Watered by living springs;  
 The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
 Are gates unto that Paradise;  
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise;  
 Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
 Not mountains capped with snow,  
 Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
 Where the woodlands bend to see  
 The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din  
 Of iron branches sounds!  
 A mighty river roars between,  
 And whosoever looks therein  
 Sees the heavens all black with sin,  
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour;  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;  
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!  
We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!  
Yes, into Life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
Be these henceforth thy theme."

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

## A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!—  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.



## THE LIGHT OF STARS

7

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## THE LIGHT OF STARS

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
Oh no! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

(Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.)

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

FLOWERS

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Georgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,  
Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Besiege the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

## MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
"Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars, from heaven down-cast  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!



## EARLIER POEMS

### AN APRIL DAY

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

## AUTUMN

With what a glory comes and goes the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

## WOODS IN WINTER

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd,  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

## HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowlèd head;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free!  
Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath shared!  
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,

And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

## SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,  
They gathered midway round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south-wind blows;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast ushering star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandalled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,

The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her tender eye  
The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,  
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,  
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
To have it round us, and her silver voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night. with its passionate cadence.

## BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down,  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its golden leaves.  
Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd. •

They buried the dark chief; they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh  
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.



## BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

### THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gerfalcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow

"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
    Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
    I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Followed the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen!  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
    With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
    When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
    Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,  
'Death without quarter!'  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,—  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hatefull  
In the vast forest here,

Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
Oh, death was gratefull

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*"  
Thus the tale ended.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailør,  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
" 'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast! "—  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Hol! hol! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,



How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## ENDYMION

THE rising moon has hid the stars;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering strings;  
And whispers, in its song,  
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

## THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

•

## GOD'S-ACRE

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow.

#### TO THE RIVER CHARLES

RIVER! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson, deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!  
That my spirit leans to thee;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

## BLIND BARTIMEUS

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits;  
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath  
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;  
 Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!  
 But still, above the noisy crowd,  
 The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;  
 Until they say, "He calleth thee!"  
 Θάρσει: ἔγχειται, φωνεῖ σέ!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
 The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"  
 And he replies, "Oh, give me light!  
 Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight."  
 And Jesus answers, "Ὑπαγε·  
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!"

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
 In darkness and in misery,  
 Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
 Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!  
 Θάρσει· ἔγχειται, ὕπαγε!  
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

### THE GOBLET OF LIFE

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;  
 And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
 I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
 And chant a melancholy hymn  
 With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,  
 Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
 Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
 Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
 Thick leaves of mistletoe.

'This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
 Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
 When the deep fountains of the heart,  
 By strong convulsions rent apart,  
 Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,  
Then sleep we side by side.

### MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

'Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?



Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

# EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

**There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!**

## POEMS ON SLAVERY

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;  
At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

### THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand!—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew;  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day;  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!

### THE GOOD PART

#### THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
In valleys green and cool;  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save;  
To cast the captive's chains aside  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

## THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake;  
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;  
Great scars deformed his face;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth!

#### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT

Loud he sang the psalm of David!  
He, a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen.  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.



But, alas! what holy angel  
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?  
And what earthquake's arm of might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

## THE WITNESSES

In Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Lie skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;  
They gleam from the abyss;  
They cry, from yawning waves,  
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains  
Are markets for men's lives;  
Their necks are galled with chains,  
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
In deserts makes its prey;  
Murders, that with affright  
Scare school-boys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;  
Anger, and lust, and pride;  
The foulest, rankest weeds,  
That choke Life's groaning tide!

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

These are the woes of Slaves;  
They glare from the abyss;  
They cry, from unknown graves,  
"We are the Witnesses!"

## THE QUADROON GIRL

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail;  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon;  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,  
Her arms and neck were bare;  
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile  
 As holy, meek, and faint,  
 As lights in some cathedral aisle  
 The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old,"  
 The thoughtful planter said;  
 Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
 And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
 With such accursèd gains:  
 For he knew whose passions gave her life,  
 Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;  
 He took the glittering gold!  
 Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,  
 Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
 He led her by the hand,  
 To be his slave and paramour  
 In a strange and distant land!

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,

Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er  
the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widow-  
hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and  
vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the land-  
scape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and  
there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like,  
into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild  
and high;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than  
the sky.

When most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden  
times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy  
chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in  
the choir;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of  
a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my  
brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the  
Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;  
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and  
ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the  
queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed  
between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of  
Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving  
west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror  
smote;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's  
roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves  
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

## A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they:  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!"  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.



And ever and anon, the wind  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;  
Thou art no longer here:  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,  
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and  
song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round  
them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and  
bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;  
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth  
rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every  
clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's  
hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the com-  
mon mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in  
stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age  
their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture  
rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted  
air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more  
fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed  
its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and  
dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly  
guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swal-  
lows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's  
chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of  
poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wise of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and  
laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white  
and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and  
care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique  
chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's  
regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler  
bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his  
careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevices, as a floweret of the  
soil,  
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

## THE NORMAN BARON

IN his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

A Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

## RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,

Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,



The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.  
These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;  
Till glimpses more sublime

Of things unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

### TO A CHILD

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!  
The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune!  
Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!  
Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place,  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!  
And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,

Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise!  
And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.

The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles,  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
That won thy little, beating heart before;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
O'er the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
And yonder meadows broad and damp

The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread;  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?  
Out, out! into the open air!  
Thy only dream is liberty,  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
With cheeks as round and red as they;  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden walks,  
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;  
And see at every turn how they efface  
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.  
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books  
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with repose!  
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
And shining with the argenteous light of dews,  
Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,  
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,

By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison!  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate!  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life appears;  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the laborer's side;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold;  
For, like Acastes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION

I saw, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time.  
O'er East and West its beam impended;  
And Day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of Night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars.  
And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see, but hear,  
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near,  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,  
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And with its chorus seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy.  
Sirius was rising in the east;  
And, slow ascending one by one,  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star,  
Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, hunter of the beast!  
His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
And, on his arm, the lion's hide

Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars,  
That were to prove her strength and try  
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
She reached the station of Orion.  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!  
And suddenly from his outstretched arm  
Down fell the red skin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet.  
His mighty club no longer beat  
The forehead of the bull; but he  
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
When, blinded by Ænopion,  
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,  
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,  
An angel with a trumpet said,  
"Forevermore, forevermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!"  
And, like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
And on from sphere to sphere the words  
Reëchoed down the burning chords,—  
"Forevermore, forevermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!"



## THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

## TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas;  
Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast  
taken!  
Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the  
city's

Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their foot-  
prints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the  
footprints?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green  
turf of the prairies?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet  
air of the mountains?

Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost  
challenge

Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these  
pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden  
millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that  
they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then. back to thy woods in the regions west of the  
Wabash!

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of  
the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of  
their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!  
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-  
horn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha  
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of  
the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those moun-  
tainous deserts?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the  
thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the  
Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-  
fires

Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray  
of the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous  
horse-race;

It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Ca-  
manches!

Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast  
of the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

## SONGS

### THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

## TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,  
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As the leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks;—  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;  
They, alas! have left thee friendless!  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.



And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering song shall nestle  
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.

## WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest:  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

## DRINKING SONG

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!  
From the pitcher, placed between us,  
How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,  
Much this mystic throng expresses:  
Bacchus was the type of vigor,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
    “Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!”

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

## SONNETS

### MEZZO CAMMIN

HALF of my life is gone, and I have let  
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled  
The aspiration of my youth, to build  
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret  
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,  
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,  
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;  
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past  
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights,—  
A city in the twilight dim and vast,  
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights,—  
And hear above me on the autumnal blast  
The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

### THE EVENING STAR

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest!  
And then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.  
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!  
My morning and my evening star of love!  
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,  
As that fair planet in the sky above,  
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

## AUTUMN

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging caves;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

## DANTE

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;  
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!  
Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;  
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloister whispers "Peace!"

## CURFEW

## I

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.



Cover the embers,  
And put out the light;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire;  
Sound fades into silence,—  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall!  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all!

## II

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;  
Forgotten they lie;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.

## THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

### DEDICATION

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!  
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;  
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—  
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live forever young in my remembrance!

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!  
Your gentle voices will flow on forever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;  
Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard;  
For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride.  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, "Erelong we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,  
As ever weathered a wintry seal"  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labor might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of all  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this!"  
It was of another form, indeed;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,

The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!  
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion!  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single day.  
That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth!  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,  
When he had built and launched from land  
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest care;

Of all that is unsound beware;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name!  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride  
The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,  
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.  
Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!  
Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along

The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still,  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind!  
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine  
The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,

A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:—

“Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!  
And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daughter!  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
’T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,



The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
'They fell,—those lordly pines!  
Those grand, majestic pines!  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers,  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them forevermore  
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
In foreign harbors shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'T will be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanced,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.  
The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sudden fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,

And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run.  
The worthy pastor—  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its world,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock—  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—  
"Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
Ah! it is not the sea,  
It is **not** the **sea** that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And seel she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!  
For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave and not the rock;  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

## SEAWEED

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges on San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
That forever  
Wrestle with the tides of Fate;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

## CHRYSAOR

Just above yon sandy bar,  
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
Lonely and lovely, a single star  
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,  
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,  
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoë,  
Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;  
Is it a God, or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

## THE SECRET OF THE SEA

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried, with impulse strong,—  
“Helmsman! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!”

“Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answered  
“Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery!”

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward-blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

#### TWILIGHT

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.



But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother  
Drive the color from her cheek?

## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand;  
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"  
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold!  
As of a rock was the shock;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;  
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,  
They drift through dark and day;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape  
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night  
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!  
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;  
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

### THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

WE sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

## RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is **not** dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

## THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.



## SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
About those deserts blown!  
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight  
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread,  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith  
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms  
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,  
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;-  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;  
The half-hour's sand is run!

#### THE OPEN WINDOW

THE old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

## KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
Ere yet his last he breathed,  
To the merry monks of Croyland  
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,  
And drank from the golden bowl,  
They might remember the donor,  
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
And bade the goblet pass;  
In their beards the red wine glistened  
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
They drank to Christ the Lord,  
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
Of the dismal days of yore,  
And as soon as the horn was empty  
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,  
Like the murmur of many bees,  
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
And Saint Basil's homilies;

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,  
And the Abbot bowed his head,  
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,  
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
He clutched the golden bowl,  
In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore,  
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!  
We must drink to one Saint more!"

## PEGASUS IN POUND

Written as poem to *The Estray*, a collection of poems edited by Mr. Longfellow.

ONCE into a quiet village,  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim;  
'T was the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the school-boys he was found;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaiming  
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors cold and dim;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,  
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo! the strange steed had departed.  
And they knew not when or where.

But they found, upon the greensward  
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
While it soothes them with its sound.

## TEGNÉR'S DRAPA

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And through the misty air  
Passed like the mournful cry  
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
Of the dead sun  
Borne through the Northern sky.  
Blasts from Niffelheim  
Lifted the sheeted mists  
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And died away  
Through the dreary night,  
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
God of the summer sun,  
Fairest of all the Gods!  
Light from his forehead beamed,  
Runes were upon his tongue,  
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
Bound were by magic spell  
Never to do him harm;  
Even the plants and stones;  
All save the mistletoe,  
The sacred mistletoe!

Høder, the blind old God,  
Whose feet are shod with silence,  
Pierced through that gentle breast  
With his sharp spear, by fraud,  
Made of the mistletoe,  
That accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship.  
With horse and harness,  
As on a funeral pyre.  
Odin placed  
A ring upon his finger,  
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!  
It floated far away  
Over the misty sea,  
Till like the sun it seemed,  
Sinking beneath the waves.  
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song,  
Fairer than the old.  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
O ye bards,  
Fairer than before!  
Ye fathers of the new race,  
Feed upon morning dew,  
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!  
The law of love prevails!  
Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
 O ye bards of the North,  
 Of Vikings and of Jarls!  
 Of the days of Eld  
 Preserve the freedom only,  
 Not the deeds of blood!

## SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE

- O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped!  
 Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
 Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,  
 And giving tongues unto the silent dead!  
 How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,  
 Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages  
 Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,  
 Anticipating all that shall be said!  
 O happy Reader! having for thy text  
 The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught  
 The rarest essence of all human thought!  
 O happy Poet! by no critic vexed!  
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice  
 To be interpreted by such a voice!

## THE SINGERS

God sent his Singers upon earth  
 With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
 That they might touch the hearts of men,  
 And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,  
 Held in his hand a golden lyre;  
 Through groves he wandered, and by streams,  
 Playing the music of our dreams.



The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be,  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind, but in degree;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

## SUSPIRIA

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away  
Whatever thou canst call thine own!  
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

## HYMN

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more;  
If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said  
And his invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon his arm and say,  
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,  
To make the scene more fair;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
Like the beloved John  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
And thus to journey on!

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

### PROMETHEUS

OF Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus' shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly portals  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture,—the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearning,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture?  
Through the cloud-rack, dark and trailing,  
Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplendent  
With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness chanted;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervor of invention,  
With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!  
In such hours of exultation  
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,  
Might behold the vulture sailing  
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there be not given  
Strength for such sublime endeavor,  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven,  
All the hearts of men forever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted  
Honor and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
Gleaning through the realms benighted,  
As they onward bear the message!

EPIMETHEUS

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,  
 What I saw as in a vision,  
 When to marches hymeneal  
 In the land of the Ideal  
 Moved my thought o'er Fields Elysian?

What! are these the guests whose glances  
 Seemed like sunshine gleaming round me?  
 These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
 That with dithyrambic dances  
 As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!  
 Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosoms!  
 Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,  
 And from loose, dishevelled tresses  
 Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome measures  
 Filled my heart with secret rapture!  
 Children of my golden leisures!  
 Must even your delights and pleasures  
 Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,  
 When they came to me unbidden;  
 Voices single, and in chorus,  
 Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
 In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!  
 Must each noble aspiration  
 Come at last to this conclusion,  
 Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
 Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
 From the sun's serene dominions,  
 Not through brighter realms nor vaster,  
 In swift ruin and disaster,  
 Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!  
Why did mighty Jove create thee  
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,  
Beautiful as young Aurora,  
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling  
Of unrest and long resistance  
Is but passionate appealing,  
A prophetic whisper stealing  
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamor,  
Thou, beloved, never leavest;  
In life's discord, strife, and clamor,  
Still he feels thy spell of glamour;  
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,  
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,  
Lives, like days in summer, lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
O my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
For thou makest each mystery clearer,  
And the unattained seems nearer,  
When thou fillest my heart with fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
Though the fields around us wither,  
There are ampler realms and spaces,  
Where no foot has left its traces:  
Let us turn and wander thither!

## THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

#### THE PHANTOM SHIP

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—  
Thus prayed the old divine—  
"To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
"This ship is so crank and walty,  
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lamberton.



This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar;  
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.

## HAUNTED HOUSES

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

#### IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE

IN the village churchyard she lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she, a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;  
No color shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have asked;  
Nor will the mystery be unmask'd  
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and errors?  
Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and despairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors!

## THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
With his swarthy, grave commanders,  
I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish leather,  
Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedge-rows east and west,  
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
"Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice,  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
"Golondrina is my guest,  
'T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread the rumor,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

## THE TWO ANGELS

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;  
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against his messengers to shut the door?

#### DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

In broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,



Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

## THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,  
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,  
Silent beside the never-silent waves,  
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep  
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,  
While underneath these leafy tents they keep  
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,  
That pave with level flags their burial-place,  
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down  
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,  
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;  
Alvares and Rivera interchange  
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God, for he created Death!"  
The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace;"  
Then added, in the certainty of faith,  
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,  
No Psalms of David now the silence break,  
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue  
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,  
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,  
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,  
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,  
What persecution, merciless and blind,  
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—  
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,  
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;  
Taught in the school of patience to endure  
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread  
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,  
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,  
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry  
That rang from town to town, from street to street:  
At every gate the accursed Mordecai  
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand  
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;  
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,  
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast  
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,  
And all the great traditions of the Past  
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look  
The mystic volume of the world they read,  
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,  
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!  
The groaning earth in travail and in pain  
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,  
And the dead nations never rise again.

## OLIVER BASSELIN

IN the Valley of the Vire  
Still is seen an ancient mill,  
With its gables quaint and queer,  
And beneath the window-sill,  
On the stone,  
These words alone:  
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,  
Ruined stands the old Château;  
Nothing but the donjon-keep  
Left for shelter or for show.  
Its vacant eyes  
Stare at the skies,  
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,  
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,  
From the neighboring hillside down  
On the rushing and the roar  
Of the stream  
Whose sunny gleam  
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,  
To the water's dash and din,  
Careless, humble, and unknown,  
Sang the poet Basselin  
Songs that fill  
That ancient mill  
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest  
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;  
Only made to be his nest,  
All the lovely valley seemed;  
No desire  
Of soaring higher  
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;  
Were not songs of that high art,  
Which, as winds do in the pine,  
Find an answer in each heart;  
But the mirth  
Of this green earth  
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,  
Opening on the narrow street,  
Came the loud, convivial din,  
Singing and applause of feet,  
The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,  
Watched and waited, spur on heel;  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang,  
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
And the poet heard their bells;  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes,  
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
Gone are all the knights and squires,  
Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
And the brotherhood of friars;  
Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part;  
Like the river, swift and clear,

Flows his song through many a heart;  
    Haunting still  
    That ancient mill  
In the Valley of the Vire.

## VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
    Victor Galbraith!  
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,  
These were the words they seemed to say:  
    "Come forth to thy death,  
    Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;  
Firm was his step, erect his head;  
    Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said:  
    "Come forth to thy death,  
    Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
    Victor Galbraith!  
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"  
    Thus challenges death  
    Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;  
    Victor Galbraith  
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead:  
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead.  
    And they only scath  
    Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith!  
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;  
"Oh kill me, and put me out of my pain!"  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
Victor Galbraith!  
His soul has gone back to whence it came,  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the Sergeant saith,  
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith!  
Through the mist of the valley damp and gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith!"

#### MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees;  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the school-boy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down.  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



## THE ROPEWALK

IN that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,  
Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so thin  
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane;  
And the whirring of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
Gleam the long threads in the sun;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass;  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Then an old man in a tower,  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
While the rope coils round and round  
Like a serpent at his feet,  
And again, in swift retreat.  
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth;  
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field;  
Fowlers with their snares concealed;  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low;  
While the wheel goes round and round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

## THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE

LEAFLESS are the trees; their purple branches  
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,  
    Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;  
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,  
    Social watch-fires  
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree  
    For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
    Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,  
    Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted  
In whose scenes appear two actors only,  
    Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,  
    Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;  
Is the central point, from which he measures  
    Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;  
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations!

#### CATAWBA WINE

THIS song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Muscadell  
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River;

Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
Forever going and coming;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use,  
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,  
To rack our brains  
With the fever pains,  
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer;  
For a poison malign  
Is such Borgia wine,  
Or at best but a 'Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it, one needs but name it;

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

## SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

## THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

### A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of a silvery gray  
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the color of oak;  
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me;  
To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains;  
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep;—  
Oh I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.



"To the northward stretched the desert,  
How far I fain would know;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And northward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night:  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while;  
And raised his eyes from his book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,  
"Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale, and the seal;  
Hal 't was a noble game!  
And like the lightning's flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,  
Norsemen of Helgoland;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-teller  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and said,  
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

## DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

## THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

#### CHILDREN

COME to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

## SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,

Have you read it,—the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore  
In the fervor and passion of prayer;  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—  
A fable, a phantom, a show,  
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful, strange superstition,  
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

## ENCELADUS

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,  
It is slumber, it is not death;  
For he struggles at times to arise,  
And above him the lurid skies  
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,  
The earth is heaped on his head;  
But the groans of his wild unrest,  
Though smothered and half suppressed,  
Are heard, and he is not dead.



And the nations far away  
Are watching with eager eyes;  
They talk together and say,  
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere  
Oppressors in their strength,  
Stand aghast and white with fear  
At the ominous sounds they hear,  
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown  
With the harvest of despair!  
Where the burning cinders, blown  
From the lips of the overthrown  
Enceladus, fill the air;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
Over vineyard and field and town,  
Whenever he starts and lifts  
His head through the blackened rifts  
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!  
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!  
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines  
Of Alps and of Apennines,  
"Enceladus, arise!"

## THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;  
And at times from the fortress across the bay  
The alarum of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose  
A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
Defiance back in a full broadside!  
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant old plantation strain.  
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;  
"It is better to sink than to yield!"  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!  
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,  
With a sudden shudder of death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head  
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!  
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;  
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,  
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

## SNOW-FLAKES

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
In the white countenance confession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.

## A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:  
Whereon shall no man work, but play;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky.  
Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!  
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!  
O heart of man! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

#### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

LABOR with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;  
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

## WEARINESS

O LITTLE feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

CHARLES SUMNER

GARLANDS upon his grave  
And flowers upon his hearse,  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke  
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—  
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,  
And stays our hurrying feet;  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

## TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with mine own.

## CADENABBIA

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks  
The silence of the summer day,  
As by the loveliest of all lakes  
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade,  
Where level branches of the plane  
Above me weave a roof of shade  
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air  
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,  
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare  
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate  
I make the marble stairs my seat,  
And hear the water, as I wait,  
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells  
Along the stony parapets,  
And far away the floating bells  
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town  
The freighted barges come and go,  
Their pendent shadows gliding down  
By town and tower submerged below.



The hills sweep upward from the shore,  
With villas scattered one by one  
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower  
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass  
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,  
Stands, beckoning up the Stelvio Pass,  
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?  
Will it all vanish into air?  
Is there a land of such supreme  
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away:  
Linger, until my heart shall take  
Into itself the summer day,  
And all the beauty of the lake;

Linger, until upon my brain  
Is stamped an image of the scene;  
Then fade into the air again,  
And be as if thou hadst not been.

## MONTE CASSINO

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant meads  
Unheard the Garigliano glides along;—  
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,  
The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,  
Where mediæval towns are white on all  
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest  
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface  
Was dragged with contumely from his throne;  
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace  
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade  
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,  
When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed  
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,  
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light  
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown  
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets  
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,  
And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he repeats  
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud  
That pauses on a mountain summit high,  
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud  
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed  
The stony pathway leading to its gate;  
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed,  
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,  
The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,  
From which, far down, the valley like a park,  
Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands  
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between  
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands  
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,  
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread  
Was a reverberation from the deep  
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,  
Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,

A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,  
Sought in these mountains solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule  
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;  
The pen became a clarion, and his school  
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way,  
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores  
The illuminated manuscripts, that lay  
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child  
Of fancy and of fiction at the best!  
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled  
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar  
I sat conversing late into the night,  
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire  
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,  
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay,  
And, as a monk who hears the matin bell,  
Started from sleep;—already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene  
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed,—  
The mountains and the valley in the sheen  
Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;  
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns;  
Far off the mellow bells began to ring  
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,  
The ideal and the actual in our life,  
As on a field of battle held me fast,  
Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,  
I saw the iron horses of the steam  
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,  
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

## AMALFI

SWEET the memory is to me  
Of a land beyond the sea,  
Where the waves and mountains meet.  
Where amid her mulberry-trees  
Sits Amalfi in the heat,  
Bathing ever her white feet  
In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,  
From its fountains in the hills,  
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,  
The Canneto rushes down,  
Turns the great wheels of the mills,  
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,  
That ascends the deep ravine,  
Where the torrent leaps between  
Rocky walls that almost meet.  
Toiling up from stair to stair  
Peasant girls their burdens bear;  
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,  
Stately figures tall and straight,  
What inexorable fate  
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
Far above the convent stands.  
On its terraced walk aloof  
Leans a monk with folded hands.  
Placid, satisfied, serene,  
Looking down upon the scene  
Over wall and red-tiled roof;  
Wondering unto what good end

All this toil and traffic tend,  
And why all men cannot be  
Free from care and free from pain,  
And the sordid love of gain,  
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks  
From the marts of east and west?  
Where the knights in iron sarks  
Journeying to the Holy Land,  
Glove of steel upon the hand,  
Cross of crimson on the breast?  
Where the pomp of camp and court?  
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?  
Where the merchants with their wares,  
And their gallant brigantines  
Sailing safely into port  
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,  
Like a passing trumpet-blast,  
Are those splendors of the past,  
And the commerce and the crowd!  
Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,  
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;  
Silent streets and vacant halls,  
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;  
Hidden from all mortal eyes  
Deep the sunken city lies:  
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!  
Round the headlands far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay  
With its sickle of white sand:  
Further still and furthestmost  
On the dim discovered coast  
Pæstum with its ruins lies,  
And its roses all in bloom  
Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,  
Nothing doth the good monk care  
For such worldly themes as these.  
From the garden just below  
Little puffs of perfume blow,  
And a sound is in his ears  
Of the murmur of the bees  
In the shining chestnut trees;  
Nothing else he heeds or hears.  
All the landscape seems to swoon  
In the happy afternoon;  
Slowly o'er his senses creep  
The encroaching waves of sleep,  
And he sinks as sank the town,  
Unresisting, fathoms down,  
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,  
Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,  
Seeing all the landscape white  
And the river cased in ice,  
Comes this memory of delight,  
Comes this vision unto me  
Of a long-lost Paradise  
In the land beyond the sea.

#### THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

UP soared the lark into the air,  
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,  
As if a soul released from pain  
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard: it was to him  
An emblem of the Seraphim;  
The upward motion of the fire,  
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate  
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,  
From moor and mere and darksome wood  
Come flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,  
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
But not with bread alone to-day  
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words;  
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,  
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lays;  
He giveth you your plumes of down,  
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs  
Together rose the feathered throngs,  
And singing scattered far apart;  
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
His homily had understood;  
He only knew that to one ear  
The meaning of his words was clear.

## BELISARIUS

I AM poor and old and blind;  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
Blows through the city gate,  
And covers me with dust  
From the wheels of the august  
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste,

As General of the East;  
Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday;  
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,  
And torches at mast-head,  
Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
Rome and Parthenope;  
And all the land was mine  
From the summits of Apennine  
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage,  
To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan  
Like snow-drifts overran  
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!  
Infirm and blind and old,  
With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced,—  
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings;



The plaudits of the crowd  
Are but the clatter of feet  
At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see forever the face  
Of the Monk of Ephesus!  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can bear;—I still  
Am Belisarius!

## SONGO RIVER

NOWHERE such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake,  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself  
Flows the stream, so still and slow  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy, in his quest  
After hazel-nut or nest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame;  
For thou hidest here alone,  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way:—

“Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet!  
Rest awhile, nor longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste!

“Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.”

#### KÉRAMOS

*Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round  
Without a pause, without a sound:  
So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow, and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,  
While o'er his features, like a mask,  
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade  
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,

And clothed him, till he seemed to be  
A figure woven in tapestry,  
So sumptuously was he arrayed  
In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.  
Like a magician he appeared,  
A conjurer without book or beard;  
And while he plied his magic art—  
For it was magical to me—  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey;  
While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,  
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change  
To something new, to something strange;  
Nothing that is can pause or stay;  
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,  
By some unconscious act of will,  
The melody and even the words  
Were intermingled with my thought,  
As bits of colored thread are caught  
And woven into nests of birds.  
And thus to regions far remote,  
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,  
This wizard in the motley coat  
Transported me on wings of song,  
And by the northern shores of France  
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be  
A mingling of the land and sea?

This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?  
This water-net, that tessellates  
The landscape? this unending maze  
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates  
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;  
Where in long summer afternoons  
The sunshine, softened by the haze,  
Comes streaming down as through a screen;  
Where over fields and pastures green  
The painted ships float high in air,  
And over all and everywhere  
The sails of windmills sink and soar  
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;  
The pride, the market-place, the crown  
And centre of the Potter's trade.  
See! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine;  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis,  
And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter topped, and queer  
With comic mask and musketeer!  
Each hospitable chimney smiles  
A welcome from its painted tiles;  
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,  
The stairways and the corridors,  
The borders of the garden walks,  
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,  
That never droop in winds or showers,  
And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay;  
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,  
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I glide,  
The song my only pursuivant,  
And see across the landscape wide  
The blue Charente, upon whose tide  
The belfries and the spires of Saintes  
Ripple and rock from side to side,  
As, when an earthquake rends its walls,  
A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,  
This Potter, working with such cheer,  
In this mean house, this mean attire,  
His manly features bronzed with fire,  
Whose figulines and rustic wares  
Scarce find him bread from day to day?  
This madman, as the people say,  
Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
Nor who may live if they are dead?  
This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,  
By mingled earths and ores combined  
With potency of fire, to find  
Some new enamel, hard and bright,  
His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast  
Burned the hot fever of unrest;  
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
The exultation, the divine  
Insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labors and endures and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds,  
Or what it cannot find creates!

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar  
A touch can make, a touch can mar;  
And shall it to the Potter say,  
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?*

*As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,  
As in a trance I float along  
Above the Pyrenean chain,  
Above the fields and farms of Spain,  
Above the bright Majorcan isle  
That lends its softened name to art,—  
A spot, a dot upon the chart,  
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,  
Are ruby-lustred with the light  
Of blazing furnaces by night,  
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.  
Then eastward, wafted in my flight  
On my enchanter's magic cloak,  
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea  
Into the land of Italy,  
And o'er the windy Apennines,  
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,  
The doors of houses and the walls  
Of churches and of belfry towers,  
Cloister and castle, street and mart,  
Are garlanded and gay with flowers  
That blossom in the fields of art.  
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow  
With brilliant, iridescent dyes,  
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,  
The cobalt blue of summer skies;  
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,  
In perfect finish emulate  
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came  
A youth with the angelic name  
Of Raphael, in form and face  
Himself angelic, and divine

In arts of color and design.  
From his Francesco Xanto caught  
Something of his transcendent grace,  
And into fictile fabrics wrought  
Suggestions of the master's thought.  
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines  
With madre-perl and golden lines  
Of arabesques, and interweaves  
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves  
About some landscape, shaded brown,  
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,  
Upon a ground of deepest blue  
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,  
Colors of every tint and hue  
Mingle in one harmonious whole!  
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,  
Her yellow hair in net and braid,  
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze  
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,  
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,  
Cana, the Beautiful! A name  
Forgotten save for such brief fame  
As this memorial can bestow,—  
A gift some lover long ago  
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown  
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
Seated beside the Arno's stream;  
For Luca della Robbia there  
Created forms so wondrous fair,  
They made thy sovereignty supreme.  
These choristers with lips of stone,  
Whose music is not heard, but seen,  
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,  
Their Maker's praise; nor these alone,  
But the more fragile forms of clay,  
Hardly less beautiful than they,

These saints and angels that adorn  
The walls of hospitals, and tell  
The story of good deeds so well  
That poverty seems less forlorn,  
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,  
That long eludes the traveller's search,  
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;  
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,  
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;  
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom  
And foliage deck his resting-place;  
A shadow in the sightless eyes,  
A pallor on the patient face,  
Made perfect by the furnace heat;  
All earthly passions and desires  
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;  
Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet,  
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all  
The ornaments on tomb or wall  
That grace the fair Ausonian shores  
Are those the faithful earth restores,  
Near some Apulian town concealed,  
In vineyard or in harvest field,—  
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
Memorials of forgotten griefs,  
Or records of heroic deeds  
Of demigods and mighty chiefs:  
Figures that almost move and speak,  
And, buried amid mould and weeds,  
Still in their attitudes attest  
The presence of the graceful Greek,—  
Achilles in his armor dressed,  
Alcides with the Cretan bull,  
And Aphrodite with her boy,  
Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! 'T is nature's plan  
The child should grow into the man,*



*The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;  
In youth the heart exults and sings,  
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;  
In age the cricket chirps, and brings  
The harvest-home of day.*

And now the winds that southward blow,  
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,  
Bear me away. I see below  
The long line of the Libyan Nile,  
Flooding and feeding the parched lands  
With annual ebb and overflow,  
A fallen palm whose branches lie  
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,  
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.  
On either bank huge water-wheels,  
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,  
Send forth their melancholy moans,  
As if, in their gray mantles hid,  
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid  
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,  
Beating their breasts with loud appeals  
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set  
With glittering mosque and minaret,  
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars  
The dreaming traveller first inhales  
The perfume of Arabian gales,  
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,  
Huge as were those wherein the maid  
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
Concealed in midnight ambushade;  
And seeing, more than half believes  
The fascinating tales that run  
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,  
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these  
Are the Egyptian deities,  
Ammon, the Emeth, and the grand  
Osiris, holding in his hand

The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;  
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;  
Bracelets with blue enamelled links;  
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,  
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;  
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept  
O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—  
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,  
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,  
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,  
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,  
And bird-like poise on balanced wing  
Above the town of King-te-tching,  
A burning town, or seeming so,—  
Three thousand furnaces that glow  
Incessantly, and fill the air  
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,  
And painted by the lurid glare,  
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
Spotted and veined with various hues,  
Are swept along the avenues,  
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,  
So from this grove of chimneys whirled  
To all the markets of the world,  
These porcelain leaves are wafted on,  
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains  
Of violet and of crimson dye,  
Or tender azure of a sky  
Just washed by gentle April rains,  
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares,  
The willow pattern, that we knew  
In childhood, with its bridge of blue  
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;  
The solitary man who stares  
At the white river flowing through  
Its arches, the fantastic trees  
And wild perspective of the view;  
And intermingled among these  
The tiles that in our nurseries  
Filled us with wonder and delight,  
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!  
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,  
Uplifting to the astonished skies  
Its ninefold painted balconies,  
With balustrades of twining leaves,  
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves  
Hang porcelain bells that all the time  
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;  
While the whole fabric is ablaze  
With varied tints, all fused in one  
Great mass of color, like a maze  
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun  
At daybreak must at dark be done,  
To-morrow will be another day;  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the frame,  
And stamp with honor or with shame  
These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,  
The islands of the Japanese  
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain  
The stork, the heron, and the crane  
Through the clear realms of azure drift,  
And on the hillside I can see  
The villages of Imari,

Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift  
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,  
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,  
With sunshine streaming through each rift,  
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,  
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,  
The snow on Fusi-yama's cone,  
The midnight heaven so thickly sown  
With constellations of bright stars,  
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make  
A whisper by each stream and lake,  
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,  
Are painted on these lovely jars;  
Again the skylark sings, again  
The stork, the heron, and the crane  
Float through the azure overhead,  
The counterfeit and counterpart  
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,  
Her darling child, in whom we trace  
The features of the mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude;  
All her majestic loveliness  
Chastened and softened and subdued  
Into a more attractive grace,  
And with a human sense imbued.  
He is the greatest artist, then,  
Whether of pencil or of pen,  
Who follows Nature. Never man,  
As artist or as artisan,  
Pursuing his own fantasies,  
Can touch the human heart, or please,  
Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
As he who sets his willing feet  
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,  
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,  
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,

Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
But only what is far away,  
When, suddenly sounding peal on peal,  
The church-bell from the neighboring town  
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.  
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,  
His apron on the grass threw down,  
Whistled his quiet little tune,  
Not overloud nor overlong,  
And ended thus his simple song:

*Stop, stop, my wheel. Too soon, too soon  
The noon will be the afternoon,  
Too soon to-day be yesterday;  
Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the past,  
And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay!*

## THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

WARM and still is the summer night,  
As here by the river's brink I wander;  
White overhead are the stars, and white  
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;  
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,  
And the cry of the herons winging their way  
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass  
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,  
Sing him the song of the green morass,  
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,  
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;  
For only a sound of lament we discern,  
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight  
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,  
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight  
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,  
With its towns and rivers and desert places;  
And the splendor of light above, and the glow  
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,  
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,  
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,  
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,  
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,  
Some one hath lingered to meditate,  
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,  
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;  
The surest pledge of a deathless name  
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

#### A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home again,  
From cruising about with his buccancers;  
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,  
And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,  
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,  
There are silver tankards of antique styles,  
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles  
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,  
Overlooking the sluggish stream,  
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,  
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,  
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,  
And the listed tulips look like Turks,  
And the silent gardener as he works  
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost  
Verge of the landscape in the haze,  
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,  
With whiskered sentinels at their post,  
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,  
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,  
And old scafaring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,  
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;  
Figures in color and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light.

'And they talk of ventures lost or won,  
And their talk is ever and ever the same,  
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,  
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlor to and fro;  
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,  
And swings with the rising and falling tides,  
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,  
Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?  
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O Spain,  
Went out to thee in days of yore!  
What dreams romantic filled my brain,  
And summoned back to life again  
The Paladins of Charlemagne,  
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,  
In the dim twilight half revealed;  
Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
The Roman camps like hives of bees,  
The Goth uplifting from his knees  
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,  
From annals of remotest eld,  
That lent the colors of romance  
To every trivial circumstance,  
And changed the form and countenance  
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid  
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—  
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,  
Zamora and Valladolid,  
Toledo, built and walled amid  
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,  
The distant town that seems so near,  
The peasants in the fields, that stay  
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,  
When from the belfry at midday  
The Angelus they hear;



White crosses in the mountain pass,  
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din  
Of muleteers, the tethered ass  
That crops the dusty wayside grass,  
And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,  
White cities slumbering by the sea,  
White sunshine flooding square and street,  
Dark mountain ranges, at whose feet  
The river beds are dry with heat,—  
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe  
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;  
A terror in the atmosphere  
As if King Philip listened near,  
Or Torquemada, the austere,  
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies  
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;  
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
Making the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among  
The palm, the olive, and the vine;  
Gem of the South, by poets sung,  
And in whose mosque Almanzor hung  
As lamps the bells that once had rung  
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,  
The star of stars, the cynosure,  
The artist's and the poet's theme,  
The young man's vision, the old man's dream,—  
Granada by its winding stream,  
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls  
Aladdin's palace of delight:  
Allah il Allah! through its halls  
Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
The Darro darts beneath its walls,  
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,  
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;  
But in the happy vale below  
The orange and pomegranate grow,  
And wafts of air toss to and fro  
The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,  
The fascination and allure  
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;  
The traveller lingers on the hill,  
His parted lips are breathing still  
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown  
With flowers that hide the rents of time,  
Stands now the Past that I have known:  
Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
But of white summer clouds, and blown  
Into this little mist of rhyme!

#### VITTORIA COLONNA

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé  
I see thy purple halls!—once more  
I hear the billows of the bay  
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,  
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast  
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,  
A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see  
A phantom gliding to and fro;  
It is Colonna,—it is she  
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,  
The type of perfect womanhood,  
Whose life was love, the life of life,  
That time and change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band  
In others, only closer pressed  
The wedding-ring upon her hand  
And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,  
The weariness, the endless pain  
Of waiting for some one to come  
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut trees,  
The odor of the orange blooms,  
The song of birds, and, more than these,  
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,  
The soft caresses of the air,  
All things in nature seemed to be  
But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long  
Imprisoned in itself, found vent  
And voice in one impassioned song  
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,  
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,  
Her life was interfused with light,  
From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé! Inarimé!  
Thy castle on the crags above  
In dust shall crumble and decay,  
But not the memory of her love.

## THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

IN that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone  
    Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
    And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
"Revenge upon all the race  
    Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"  
And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags reechoed the cry  
    Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide  
By woodland and river-side  
    The Indian village stood;  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
    And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
    In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves  
Crouched in the clefts and caves,  
    Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
    And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;  
But of that gallant band  
    Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
    And smoke of a furnace fire:

By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,  
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,  
Uplifted high in air  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart, that beat no more,  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?  
Sing it, O funeral song,  
With a voice that is full of tears,  
And say that our broken faith  
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

## TO THE RIVER YVETTE

O LOVELY river of Yvette!  
O darling river! like a bride,  
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,  
Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,  
See and salute thee on thy way,  
And, with a blessing and a prayer,  
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain  
Would hold thee in its fond embrace;  
Thou glidest from its arms again  
And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay; with restless feet,  
Pursuing still thine onward flight,  
Thou goes as one in haste to meet  
Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

O lovely river of Yvette!  
 O darling stream! on balanced wings  
 The wood-birds sang the chansonnette  
 That here a wandering poet sings.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE

ON St. Bavon's tower, commanding  
 Half of Flanders, his domain,  
 Charles the Emperor once was standing,  
 While beneath him on the landing  
 Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,  
 Or a model made for show,  
 With its pointed roofs and gables,  
 Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,  
 Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and alleys  
 Poured the populace of Ghent;  
 As a routed army rallies,  
 Or as rivers run through valleys,  
 Hurrying to their homes they went.

"Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!"  
 Cried Duke Alva as he gazed;  
 "Haunt of traitors and deceivers,  
 Stronghold of insurgent weavers,  
 Let it to the ground be razed!"

On the Emperor's cap the feather  
 Nods, as laughing he replies:  
 "How many skins of Spanish leather,  
 Think you, would, if stitched together,  
 Make a glove of such a size?"

## A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal: "Steer southwest."  
For this Admiral D'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near.  
And while from mouth to mouth  
Spread the tidings of dismay,  
I stood in the Old South,  
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;  
But if in thy Providence  
A tempest should arise  
To drive the French Fleet hence,  
And scatter it far and wide,  
Or sink it in the sea,  
We should be satisfied,  
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,  
For my soul was all on flame,  
And even as I prayed  
The answering tempest came;  
It came with a mighty power,  
Shaking the windows and walls,  
And tolling the bell in the tower,  
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
And I cried: "Stand still, and see  
The salvation of the Lord!"

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

The heavens were black with cloud,  
The sea was white with hail,  
And ever more fierce and loud  
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,  
And the broad sails in the van  
Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
Or the curtains of Midian.  
Down on the reeling decks  
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;  
Ah, never were there wrecks  
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke  
The great ships of the line;  
They were carried away as a smoke,  
Or sank like lead in the brine.  
O Lord! before thy path  
They vanished and ceased to be,  
When thou didst walk in wrath  
With thine horses through the sea!

## THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,  
His chestnut steed with four white feet,  
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,  
Son of the road and bandit chief,  
Seeking refuge and relief,  
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,  
Never yet could any steed  
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.  
More than maiden, more than wife,  
More than gold and next to life  
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond  
Erzeroum and Trebizond,



Garden-girt his fortress stood;  
Plundered khan, or caravan  
Journeying north from Koordistan,  
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore  
Men at arms his livery wore,  
Did his bidding night and day;  
Now, through regions all unknown,  
He was wandering, lost, alone,  
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
Sheer the precipice descends,  
Loud the torrent roars unseen;  
Thirty feet from side to side  
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride  
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,  
At the precipice's foot  
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah  
Halted with his hundred men,  
Shouting upward from the glen,  
"La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed  
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;  
Kissed him upon both his eyes,  
Sang to him in his wild way,  
As upon the topmost spray  
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,  
Round and slender as a reed,  
Carry me this peril through!  
Satin housings shall be thine,  
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,  
O thou soul of Kurrogloul

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,  
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,

Tender are thine eyes and true;  
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,  
Polished bright; O life of mine,  
Leap, and rescue Kurrogloul!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,  
Drew together his four white feet,  
Paused a moment on the verge,  
Measured with his eye the space,  
And into the air's embrace  
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand  
Bears a swimmer safe to land,  
Kyrat safe his rider bore;  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head,  
Careless 'sat he and upright;  
Neither hand nor bridle shook,  
Nor his head he turned to look,  
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;  
Thus the phantom horseman passed,  
And the shadow that he cast  
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
Passed above him. "Allahu!"  
Cried he. "In all Koordistan  
Lives there not so brave a man  
As this Robber Kurrogloul!"

HAROUN AL RASCHID

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read  
A book wherein the poet said:—

“Where are the kings, and where the rest  
Of those who once the world possessed?

“They’re gone with all their pomp and show,  
They’re gone the way that thou shalt go.

“O thou who choosest for thy share  
The world, and what the world calls fair,

“Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end!”

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head:  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

KING TRISANKU

VISWAMITRA the Magician,  
By his spells and incantations,  
Up to Indra’s realms elysian  
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended  
Hurled him downward, and descending  
In the air he hung suspended,  
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,  
By misgivings downward driven,  
Human hearts are tossed and drifted  
Midway between earth and heaven.

## A WRAITH IN THE MIST

ON the green little isle of Inchkenneth,  
Who is it that walks by the shore,  
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet,  
So brave with his targe and claymore?

His form is the form of a giant,  
But his face wears an aspect of pain;  
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth?  
Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Rambler,  
The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,  
And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,  
He would wall himself round with a fort.

## THE THREE KINGS

THREE Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they.  
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And by this they knew that the coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;  
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,  
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;  
For we in the East have seen his star,  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;  
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"  
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain,  
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;  
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn;  
Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of its own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,  
Through the silent street, till their horses turned  
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;  
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in the manger lay,  
The child, that would be king one day  
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
Sat watching beside his place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the Angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

#### SONG

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
The bird is safest in its nest;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky;  
To stay at home is best.

#### THE WHITE CZAR

Dost thou see on the rampart's height  
That wreath of mist, in the light

Of the midnight moon? Oh, hush!  
It is not a wreath of mist;  
It is the Czar, the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,  
The artillery roll o'erhead;  
The drums and the tramp of feet  
Of his soldiery in the street;  
He is awake! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries  
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"  
He has rent the gold brocade  
Whereof his shroud was made;  
He is risen! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don  
He has led his armies on,  
Over river and morass,  
Over desert and mountain pass;  
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain  
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain  
The continents; his hand  
Points southward o'er the land  
Of Roumili! O Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:  
"I am the builder of ships,  
And my ships shall sail these seas  
To the Pillars of Hercules!  
I say it; the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;  
It shall make room for me;

And the gates of its water-streets  
Be unbarred before my fleets.  
I say it; the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

“And the Christian shall no more  
Be crushed, as heretofore,  
Beneath thine iron rule,  
O Sultan of Istamboul!  
I swear it! I the Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!”

## DELIA

SWEET as the tender fragrance that survives,  
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives,  
Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,  
But never will be sung to us again,  
Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest  
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling; it is best.



## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed,  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE

### FLOWER-DE-LUCE

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl and worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thy attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent  
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod  
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet!  
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever  
The world more fair and sweet.

## PALINGENESIS

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;  
For round about me all the sunny capes  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in days departed,  
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore  
Stood lonely as before;  
And the wild-roses of the promontory  
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers  
Of all things their primordial form exists,  
And cunning alchemists  
Could re-create the rose with all its members  
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,  
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science  
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more  
The rose of youth restore?  
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance  
To time and change, and for a single hour  
Renew this phantom-flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors,  
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap  
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,  
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,  
"Alas! thy youth is dead!  
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;  
In the dark places with the dead of old  
It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements  
I will not drag this sacred dust again,  
Only to give me pain;  
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks before,  
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations  
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow  
Of sunsets burning low;  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations  
Light up the spacious avenues between  
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,  
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,  
What bowers of rest divine;  
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,  
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,  
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question  
Those pages of the mystic book which hold  
The story still untold,  
But without rash conjecture or suggestion  
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,  
Until "The End" I read.

## THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken  
Pleasant visions, as of old!  
Though the house by winds be shaken,  
Safe I keep this room of gold!

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy  
Builds her castles in the air,  
Luring me by necromancy  
Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, she builds me bridges  
Over many a dark ravine,  
Where beneath the gusty ridges  
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding  
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,  
As I follow the receding  
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,  
Naught avails the cry of pain!  
When I touch the flying vesture,  
'T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning  
O'er the parapets of cloud,  
Watch the mist that intervening  
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending  
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,  
Murmur of bells and voices blending  
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,  
Every tower and town and farm,  
And again the land forbidden  
Reassumes its vanished charm.



Well I know the secret places,  
And the nests in hedge and tree;  
At what doors are friendly faces,  
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,  
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,  
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,  
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

## HAWTHORNE

How beautiful it was, that one bright day  
In the long week of rain!  
Though all its splendor could not chase away  
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,  
And the great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms  
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,  
The historic river flowed:  
I was as one who wanders in a trance,  
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;  
Their voices I could hear,  
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change  
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,  
The one low voice was mute;  
Only an unseen presence filled the air,  
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream  
Dimly my thought defines;  
I only see—a dream within a dream—  
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest  
Their tender undertone,  
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,  
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men  
The wizard hand lies cold,  
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clew regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain!

#### CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep.  
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

## THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY

SEE, the fire is sinking low,  
Dusky red the embers glow,  
While above them still I cower,  
While a moment more I linger,  
Though the clock, with lifted finger,  
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune  
Learned in some forgotten June  
From a school-boy at his play,  
When they both were young together,  
Heart of youth and summer weather  
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!  
How above there in the dark,  
In the midnight and the snow,  
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,  
Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame  
Seems to murmur some great name,  
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"  
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow  
Are the visions that you follow,  
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze  
Gleams on volumes of old days,  
Written by masters of the art,  
Loud through whose majestic pages  
Rolls the melody of ages,  
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame  
Start exulting and exclaim:  
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;  
In the horoscope of nations,  
Like ascendant constellations,  
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair!  
Those who walk with feet of air  
Leave no long-enduring marks;  
At God's forges incandescent  
Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;  
Books are sepulchres of thought;  
The dead laurels of the dead  
Rustle for a moment only,  
Like the withered leaves in lonely  
Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;  
Sink the rumors of renown;  
And alone the night-wind drear  
Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer,—  
"T is the brand of Meleager  
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

And I answer,—“Though it be,  
Why should that discomfort me?  
No endeavor is in vain;  
Its reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain.”

## THE BELLS OF LYNN

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!  
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark bellfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,  
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,  
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,  
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward  
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal  
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,  
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,  
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,  
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

## KILLED AT THE FORD

He is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,  
He, the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,

Whom all eyes followed with one consent,  
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,  
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,  
Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of some old song:  
"Two red roses he had on his cap  
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;  
Something I heard in the darkness fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew chill;  
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks  
In a room where some one is lying dead;  
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire and the mist and the rain  
Carried him back to the silent camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;  
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp  
Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet  
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,  
Till it reached a town in the distant North  
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,  
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat  
Without a murmur, without a cry;  
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,  
For one who had passed from cross to crown,  
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

## GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet  
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint  
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,  
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,  
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint  
Around the shining forehead of the saint,  
And are in their completeness incomplete!  
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,  
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—  
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—  
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,  
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

## TO-MORROW

'T is late at night, and in the realm of sleep  
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;  
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks  
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep  
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;  
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,  
And through the opening door that time unlocks  
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.  
To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,  
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,  
And tremble to be happy with the rest."  
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;  
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;  
God hath already said what shall betide."

## DIVINA COMMEDIA

## I

OFT have I seen at some cathedral door  
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet

Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
Far off the noises of the world retreat;  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar.  
So, as I enter here from day to day,  
And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

## II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!  
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves  
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves  
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!  
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyle eaves  
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,  
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!  
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,  
What exultations trampling on despair,  
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,  
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,  
This mediæval miracle of song!

## III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!  
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.  
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;  
The congregation of the dead make room  
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;  
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine  
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.  
From the confessionals I hear arise  
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
And lamentations from the crypts below;  
And then a voice celestial that begins  
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins  
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."



## IV

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,  
She stands before thee, who so long ago  
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe  
From which thy song and all its splendors came;  
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,  
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow  
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.  
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,  
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,  
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;  
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream  
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last  
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

## V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
With forms of Saints and holy men who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;  
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,  
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;  
And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love  
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;  
And the melodious bells among the spires  
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

## VI

O star of morning and of liberty!  
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines  
Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to be!  
The voices of the city and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!  
Thy flame is blown abroad from all the heights,

Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,  
 As of a mighty wind, and men devout,  
 Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
 In their own language hear thy wondrous word,  
 And many are amazed and many doubt.

# NOËL

QUAND les astres de Noël  
 Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,  
 Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,  
 Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,  
 "Bons amis,  
 Allons donc chez Agassiz!"

Ces illustres Pèlerins  
 D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,  
 Se donnant des airs de prêtre,  
 A l'envi se vantaient d'être  
 "Bons amis  
 De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz!"

Œil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,  
 Sans reproche et sans pudeur,  
 Dans son patois de Bourgogne,  
 Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,  
 "Bons amis,  
 J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!"

Verzenay le Champenois,  
 Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,  
 Mais des environs d'Avize,  
 Fredonne à mainte reprise,  
 "Bons amis,  
 J'ai chanté chez Agassiz!"

À côté marchait un vieux  
 Hidalgo, mais non mousseux;  
 Dans le temps de Charlemagne  
 Fut son père Grand d'Espagnol  
 "Bons amis,  
 J'ai diné chez Agassiz!"

Derrière eux un Bordelais,  
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,  
Parfumé de poésie  
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,  
"Bons amis,  
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz!"

Avec ce beau cadet roux,  
Bras dessus et bras dessous,  
Mine altière et couleur terne,  
Vint le Sire de Sauterne;  
"Bons amis,  
J'ai couché chez Agassiz!"

Mais le dernier de ces preux,  
Était un pauvre Chartreux,  
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,  
"Bénédictions sur le Justel  
Bons amis,  
Béniissons Père Agassiz!"

Ils arrivent trois à trois,  
Montent l'escalier de bois  
Clopin-clopant! quel gendarme  
Peut permettre ce vacarme,  
Bons amis,  
À la porte d'Agassiz!

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,  
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur;  
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes  
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,  
Bons amis  
De la famille Agassiz!"

Chut, ganaches! taisez-vous!  
C'en est trop de vos glouglous;  
Épargnez aux Philosophes  
Vos abominables strophes!  
Bons amis,  
Respectez mon Agassiz!

## FATA MORGANA

O SWEET illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the throng  
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone;  
But ever by night and by day,  
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,  
That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along,  
And forever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
It is gone, and I wonder and wait  
For the vision to reappear.

## THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls!  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,  
There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn approaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child,  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
That haunt my troubled brain?  
That vanish when day approaches,  
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
But the statues without breath,  
That stand on the bridge overarching  
The silent river of death?

## THE MEETING

AFTER so long an absence  
At last we meet again:  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three berries  
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old, familiar tone;  
And we think, though we do not say it,  
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
And many a Happy New Year;  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests;  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests.

#### VOX POPULI

WHEN Mazárvan the Magician  
Journeyed westward through Cathay,  
Nothing heard he but the praises  
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended  
When he came to Khaledan,  
There the folk were talking only  
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets:  
Every province hath its own;  
Camaralzaman is famous  
Where Badoura is unknown.

## THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;  
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;  
There will be other legends, and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

## CHANGED

FROM the outskirts of the town,  
Where of old the mile-stone stood,  
Now a stranger, looking down,  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?  
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,  
But the friends with whom I ranged  
Through their thickets are estranged  
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run.

## THE CHALLENGE

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
Of a story, that is told  
In some ancient Spanish legend  
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez  
Was before Zamora slain,  
And his great besieging army  
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez  
Sallied forth in front of all,  
And shouted loud his challenge  
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,  
Both the born and the unborn,  
As traitors did he challenge  
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,  
And in their graves, the dead!  
And the waters of their rivers,  
And their wine, and oil, and bread!

There is a greater army,  
That besets us round with strife,  
A starving, numberless army,  
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors,  
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
Where the feast and song are high,  
Amid the mirth and the music  
I can hear that fearful cry.



And hollow and haggard faces  
Look into the lighted hall,  
And wasted hands are extended  
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,  
And odors fill the air;  
But without there is cold and darkness,  
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine  
In wind and cold and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
Lies dead upon the plain!

## THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart.

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

### I

THE lights are out, and gone are all the guests  
That thronging came with merriment and jests  
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane  
In the new house,—into the night are gone,  
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,  
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,  
As in the chimney, burning bright,  
We hung the iron crane to-night,  
And merry was the feast and long.

### II

And now I sit and muse on what may be,  
And in my vision see, or seem to see,  
Through floating vapors interfused with light,  
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,  
As shadows passing into deeper shade  
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
Is spread the table round and small;  
Upon the polished silver shine  
The evening lamps, but, more divine,  
The light of love shines over all;  
Of love, that says not mine and thine,  
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between  
Their tender glances like a screen,  
And tell them tales of land and sea,  
And whatsoever may betide  
The great, forgotten world outside;  
They want no guests; they needs must be  
Each other's own best company.

## III

The picture fades; as at a village fair  
A showman's views, dissolving into air,  
Again appear transfigured on the screen,  
So in my fancy this; and now once more,  
In part transfigured, through the open door  
Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,  
But not alone; they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the moon,  
A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these  
The ways that win, the arts that please?  
Ah yes; consider well the guest,  
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;  
He ruleth by the right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over thee and thine.

He speaketh not; and yet there lies  
A conversation in his eyes;  
The golden silence of the Greek,  
The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
Not spoken in language, but in looks  
More legible than printed books,  
As if he could but would not speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,  
Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!  
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,  
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
And pushes back thy chair and thee,  
And so good night to King Canute.

## IV

As one who walking in a forest sees  
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,  
Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene;  
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed  
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,  
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now;  
The king, deposed and older grown,  
No longer occupies the throne,—  
The crown is on his sister's brow;  
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,  
The very pattern girl of girls,  
All covered and embowered in curls,  
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,  
And sailing with soft, silken sails  
From far-off Dreamland into ours.  
Above their bowls with rims of blue  
Four azure eyes of deeper hue  
Are looking, dreamy with delight;  
Limpid as planets that emerge  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
Soft-shining through the summer night.  
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see  
Beyond the horizon of their bowls;  
Nor care they for the world that rolls  
With all its freight of troubled souls  
Into the days that are to be.

## V

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,  
Again the drifting vapors intervene,  
And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite;

And now I see the table wider grown,  
As round a pebble into water thrown  
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,  
I see it garlanded with guests,  
As if fair Ariadne's Crown  
Out of the sky had fallen down;  
Maidens within whose tender breasts  
A thousand restless hopes and fears,  
Forth reaching to the coming years,  
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,  
Like timid birds that fain would fly,  
But do not dare to leave their nests;—  
And youths, who in their strength elate  
Challenge the van and front of fate,  
Eager as champions to be  
In the divine knight-errantry  
Of youth, that travels sea and land  
Seeking adventures, or pursues,  
Through cities, and through solitudes  
Frequented by the lyric Muse,  
The phantom with the beckoning hand,  
That still allures and still eludes.  
O sweet illusions of the brain!  
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!  
The world is bright while ye remain,  
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

## VI

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,  
Quickens its current as it nears the mill;  
And so the stream of Time that lingereth  
In level places, and so dull appears,  
Runs with a swifter current as it nears  
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,  
That in the owner's keeping shrinks  
With every wish he speaks or thinks,  
Till the last wish consumes the whole,  
The table dwindles, and again  
I see the two alone remain.

The crown of stars is broken in parts;  
Its jewels, brighter than the day,  
Have one by one been stolen away  
To shine in other homes and hearts.  
One is a wanderer now afar  
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,  
Or sunny regions of Cathay;  
And one is in the boisterous camp  
Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,

And battle's terrible array.  
I see the patient mother read,  
With aching heart, of wrecks that float  
Disabled on those seas remote,  
Or of some great heroic deed  
On battle-fields, where thousands bleed  
To lift one hero into fame.  
Anxious she bends her graceful head  
Above these chronicles of pain,  
And trembles with a secret dread  
Lest there among the drowned or slain  
She find the one beloved name.

## VII

After a day of cloud and wind and rain  
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,  
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,  
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,  
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring  
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,  
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,  
The wind, the rain, have passed away;  
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,  
The house is full of life and light;  
It is the Golden Wedding day.  
The guests come thronging in once more,  
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,  
The trooping children crowd the stair,  
And in and out and everywhere  
Flashes along the corridor

The sunshine of their golden hair.  
On the round table in the hall  
Another Ariadne's Crown  
Out of the sky hath fallen down;  
More than one Monarch of the Moon  
Is drumming with his silver spoon;  
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!  
The people sing, the people say.  
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,  
Smiling contented and serene  
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,  
Behold, well pleased, on every side  
Their forms and features multiplied,  
As the reflection of a light  
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,  
Or lamps upon a bridge at night  
Stretch on and on before the sight,  
Till the long vista endless seems.

## MORITURI SALUTAMUS

"O CAESAR, we who are about to die  
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry  
In the arena, standing face to face  
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,  
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—  
Thou river, widening through the meadows green  
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—  
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose  
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose  
And vanished,—we who are about to die,  
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,  
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down  
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!  
We are forgotten; and in your austere  
And calm indifference, ye little care  
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.  
What passing generations fill these halls,  
What passing voices echo from these walls,  
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,  
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days  
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;  
They answer us—alas! what have I said?  
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?  
What salutation, welcome or reply?  
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?  
They are no longer here; they all are gone  
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.  
Honor and reverence, and the good repute  
That follows faithful service as its fruit,  
Be unto him, whom living we salute.



The great Italian poet, when he made  
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,  
Met there the old instructor of his youth,  
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:  
"Oh, never from the memory of my heart  
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,  
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,  
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;  
How grateful am I for that patient care  
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,  
And utter them in plaintive undertone;  
Nor to the living only be they said,  
But to the other living called the dead,  
Whose dear, paternal images appear  
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;  
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,  
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law;  
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,  
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"  
But labored in their sphere, as men who live  
In the delight that work alone can give.  
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,  
And the fulfilment of the great behest:  
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,  
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."  
And ye who fill the places we once filled,  
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,  
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,  
We who are old, and are about to die,  
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,  
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!  
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!  
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,  
That holds the treasures of the universe!  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;

In its sublime audacity of faith,  
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,  
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,  
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate  
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state  
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,  
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight  
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,  
Of Trojans and Achæians in the field;  
So from the snowy summits of our years  
We see you in the plain, as each appears,  
And question of you; asking, "Who is he  
That towers above the others? Which may be  
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,  
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on  
As he who puts it off, the battle done.  
Study yourselves; and most of all note well  
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.  
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;  
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,  
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed  
Distorted in a fountain as she played;  
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate  
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.  
Write on your doors the saying wise and old,  
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere, "Be bold;  
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess  
Than the defect; better the more than less;  
Better like Hector in the field to die,  
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye remaining few  
That number not the half of those we knew,  
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet  
The fatal asterisk of death is set,  
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time  
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,  
And summons us together once again,  
The joy of meeting not unmingled with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep  
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"  
I name no names; instinctively I feel  
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,  
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,  
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.  
I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white  
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;  
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws  
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;  
We give to each a tender thought, and pass  
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,  
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet  
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say  
Better than silence is? When I survey  
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,  
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,  
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;  
It is the same, yet not the same to me.  
So many memories crowd upon my brain,  
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,  
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,  
As from a house where some one lieth dead.  
I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate;  
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;  
As one who struggles in a troubled dream  
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!  
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!  
Whatever time or space may intervene,  
I will not be a stranger in this scene.  
Here every doubt, all indecision, ends;  
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met  
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set  
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,  
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.  
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;

What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!  
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,  
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!  
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!  
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!  
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,  
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine  
And holy images of love and trust,  
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and explore  
These volumes, closed and clasped forevermore?  
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;  
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!  
Whatever hath been written shall remain,  
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;  
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:  
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud  
Are reassured, if some one reads aloud  
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,  
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,  
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase  
The gathering shadows of the time and place,  
And banish what we all too deeply feel  
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,  
There stood an image with its arm in air,  
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,  
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"  
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed  
The meaning that these words but half expressed,  
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday  
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,  
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,  
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;  
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found  
A secret stairway leading underground.  
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,  
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;

And opposite, in threatening attitude,  
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood.  
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,  
Were these mysterious words of menace set:  
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim  
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed, '  
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased  
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,  
And gold the bread and viands manifold.  
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,  
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,  
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,  
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;  
And the vast hall was filled in every part  
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,  
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;  
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,  
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,  
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,  
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,  
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,  
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,  
And all was dark around and overhead;—  
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records  
Its ghostly application in these words:  
The image is the Adversary old,  
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;  
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair  
That leads the soul from a diviner air;  
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;  
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;  
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone  
By avarice have been hardened into stone;  
The clerk, the scholar whom the lover of pelf  
Tempted from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,  
The discord in the harmonies of life!  
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,  
And all the sweet serenity of books;  
The market-place, the eager love of gain,  
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told  
To men grown old, or who are growing old?  
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late  
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.  
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles  
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides  
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,  
When each had numbered more than fourscore years,  
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,  
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."  
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,  
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;  
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,  
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.  
These are indeed exceptions; but they show  
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow  
Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm  
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,  
So something in us, as old age draws near,  
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.  
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,  
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;  
The telltale blood in artery and vein  
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;  
Whatever poet, orator, or sage  
May say of it, old age is still old age.  
It is the waning, not the crescent moon;  
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;  
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,  
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,  
The burning and consuming element,  
But that of ashes and of embers spent,

In which some living sparks we still discern,  
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say  
The night hath come; it is no longer day?  
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite  
Cut off from labor by the failing light;  
Something remains for us to do or dare;  
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;  
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,  
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode  
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,  
But other something, would we but begin;  
For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

## A BOOK OF SONNETS

### THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

#### I

WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine,  
Who are no longer here, the noble three,  
Who half my life were more than friends to me,  
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,  
I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them, and made us see  
The archetypal man, and what might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first design.  
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;  
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left  
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile  
Wander together in Elysian lands,  
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft  
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

#### II

On Attica thy birthplace should have been,  
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas  
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,  
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene .  
And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene!  
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees;  
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,  
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.  
For thee old legends breathed historic breath;  
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,  
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!  
Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,  
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,  
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!



## III

I stand again on the familiar shore,  
And hear the waves of the distracted sea  
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,  
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.  
The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor,  
The willows in the meadow, and the free  
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;  
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?  
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men  
Are busy with their trivial affairs,  
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read  
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then  
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,  
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

## IV

River, that stealest with such silent pace  
Around the City of the Dead, where lies  
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes  
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,  
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace,  
And say good night, for now the western skies  
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise  
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.  
Good night! good night! as we so oft have said  
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days  
That are no more, and shall no more return.  
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;  
I stay a little longer, as one stays  
To cover up the embers that still burn.

## V

The doors are all wide open; at the gate  
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,  
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze  
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,  
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,  
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,  
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays  
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait

I also wait; but they will come no more,  
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied  
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!  
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!  
Something is gone from nature since they died,  
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

## CHAUCER

AN old man in a lodge within a park;  
The chamber walls depicted all around  
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,  
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,  
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark  
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;  
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,  
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.  
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
Made beautiful with song; and as I read  
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

## SHAKESPEARE

A vision as of crowded city streets,  
With human life in endless overflow;  
Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets that blow  
To battle; clamor, in obscure retreats,  
Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets;  
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below  
Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw  
O'er garden-walls their intermingled sweets!  
This vision comes to me when I unfold  
The volume of the Poet paramount,  
Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone;—  
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,  
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,  
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

## MILTON

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold  
How the voluminous billows roll and run,  
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun  
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,  
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold  
All its loose-flowing garments into one,  
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun  
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.  
So in majestic cadence rise and fall  
The mighty undulations of thy song,  
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!  
And ever and anon, high over all  
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,  
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

## KEATS

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep;  
The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told!  
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold  
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep  
The nightingale is singing from the steep;  
It is midsummer, but the air is cold;  
Can it be death? Alas, beside the fold  
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.  
Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,  
On which I read: "Here lieth one whose name  
Was writ in water." And was this the meed  
Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:  
"The smoking flax before it burst to flame  
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."

## THE GALAXY

TORRENT of light and river of the air,  
Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen  
Like gold and silver sands in some ravine  
Where mountain streams have left their channels bare!

The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway, where  
His patron saint descended in the sheen  
Of his celestial armor, on serene  
And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.  
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable  
Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies  
Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod;  
But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,  
The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and flies  
From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.

### THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;  
A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.  
So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations, that we deem our own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.

### A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA

THE sun is set; and in his latest beams  
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,  
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,  
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.  
From the dim headlands many a light-house gleams,  
The street-lamps of the ocean; and behold,  
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;  
The day hath passed into the land of dreams.  
O summer day beside the joyous sea!

O summer day so wonderful and white,  
So full of gladness and so full of pain!  
Forever and forever shalt thou be  
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,  
To some the landmark of a new domain.

## THE TIDES

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,  
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,  
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.  
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,  
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,  
And hurrying came on the defenceless land  
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.  
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,  
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song  
Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me  
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,  
And in a tumult of delight, and strong  
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

## A SHADOW

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,  
What would befall these children? What would be  
Their fate, who now are looking up to me  
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,  
Would be a volume wherein I have read  
But the first chapters, and no longer see  
To read the rest of their dear history,  
So full of beauty and so full of dread.  
Be comforted; the world is very old,  
And generations pass, as they have passed,  
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;  
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;  
The world belongs to those who come the last,  
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

## A NAMELESS GRAVE

"A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,"  
Is the inscription on an unknown grave  
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,  
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout  
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout  
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave  
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave  
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.  
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea  
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame  
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,  
When I remember thou hast given for me  
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,  
And I can give thee nothing in return.

## SLEEP

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound  
Seems from some faint Æolian harpstring caught;  
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought  
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound  
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;  
For I am weary, and am overwrought  
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,  
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.  
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,  
O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released  
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!  
Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek  
Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast  
Whereof the greater mystery is death!

## THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,  
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone  
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own  
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold

Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown  
My kindred and companions. Me alone  
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.  
I can remember when the Medici  
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago  
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.  
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;  
And when I think that Michael Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

## IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE

GADDI mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio sono;  
Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pianto  
Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo  
Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io ragiono  
Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono  
Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi affranto  
Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo intanto  
Neppure muove, ed io non l'abbandono.  
Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati  
I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino  
E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.  
Fiorenza i suoi gioielli m' ha prestati;  
E quando penso ch' Agnolo il divino  
Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

## NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand

Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

#### IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died  
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!  
A simple stone, with but a date and name,  
Marks his secluded resting-place beside  
The river that he loved and glorified.  
Here in the autumn of his days he came,  
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame  
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.  
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!  
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,  
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;  
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath  
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,  
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

#### ELIOT'S OAK

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud  
With sounds of unintelligible speech,  
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,  
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;  
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,  
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;  
To me a language that no man can teach,  
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.  
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,  
Seated like Abraham at eventide  
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown  
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote  
His Bible in a language that hath died  
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.



## THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,  
Came from their convent on the shining heights  
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,  
To dwell among the people at its base.  
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,  
Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,  
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,  
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.  
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud  
To teach in schools of little country towns  
Science and song, and all the arts that please;  
So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,  
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,  
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

## VENICE

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest  
So wonderfully built among the reeds  
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,  
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!  
White water-lily, cradled and caressed  
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds  
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,  
Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest!  
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets  
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting  
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;  
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets  
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting  
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

## THE POETS

O YE dead Poets, who are living still  
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,  
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead  
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,

Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,  
With drops of anguish falling fast and red  
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,  
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?  
Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song  
Have something in them so divinely sweet,  
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;  
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

## PARKER CLEVELAND

AMONG the many lives that I have known,  
None I remember more serene and sweet,  
More rounded in itself and more complete,  
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.  
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,  
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,  
Were all his world; but in this calm retreat  
For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.  
With fond affection memory loves to dwell  
On the old days, when his example made  
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;  
And now, amid the groves he loved so well  
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,  
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen!

## THE HARVEST MOON

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes  
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests  
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests  
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes  
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes  
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests!  
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests;  
With the last sheaves return the laboring wains!  
All things are symbols: the external shows  
Of Nature have their image in the mind,

As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves;  
The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,  
Only the empty nests are left behind,  
And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

## TO THE RIVER RHONE

THOU Royal River, born of sun and shower  
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,  
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow  
And rocked by tempests!—at the appointed hour  
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,  
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go  
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below  
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.  
And now thou movest in triumphal march,  
A king among the rivers! On thy way  
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;  
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,  
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,  
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

## TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THREE Silences there are: the first of speech,  
The second of desire, the third of thought;  
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught  
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.  
These Silences, commingling each with each,  
Made up the perfect Silence that he sought  
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught  
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.  
O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come, and in whose thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

## THE TWO RIVERS

## I

**SLOWLY** the hour-hand of the clock moves round;  
So slowly that no human eye hath power  
To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower  
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,  
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;  
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower  
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the hour,  
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.  
**Midnight!** the outpost of advancing day!  
The frontier town and citadel of night!  
The watershed of Time, from which the streams  
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,  
One to the land of promise and of light,  
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

## II

**O River of Yesterday**, with current swift  
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,  
I do not care to follow in their flight  
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom drift!  
**O River of To-morrow**, I uplift  
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night  
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light  
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!  
**I follow**, follow, where thy waters run  
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,  
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song;  
**Still follow**, follow; sure to meet the sun,  
And confident, that what the future yields  
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

## III

**Yet not in vain**, O River of Yesterday,  
Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,  
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending  
Thy voice with other voices far away.  
**I called** to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,  
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,  
And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,  
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,  
 Regrets and recollections of things past,  
 With hints and prophecies of things to be,  
And inspirations, which, could they be things,  
 And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,  
 Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

## IV

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing  
 Between thy narrow adamantine walls,  
 But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,  
 And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing;  
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,  
 I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,  
 And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,  
 Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!  
It is the mystery of the unknown  
 That fascinates us; we are children still,  
 Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling  
To the familiar things we call our own,  
 And with the other, resolute of will,  
 Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

## BOSTON

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN! Hither across the plains  
 And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,  
 There came a Saxon monk, and founded here  
 A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,  
So that thereof no vestige now remains;  
 Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,  
 And echoed in another hemisphere,  
 Survives in sculptured walls and painted panes.  
St. Botolph's Town! Far over leagues of land  
 And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,  
 And far around the chiming bells are heard;  
So may that sacred name forever stand  
 A landmark, and a symbol of the power,  
 That lies concentred in a single word.

## ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade  
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!  
And hear its leaves repeat their benison  
On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid;  
Then I remember one of whom was said  
In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"  
And see him living still, and wandering on  
And waiting for the advent long delayed.  
Not only tongues of the apostles teach  
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding  
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,  
And say in language clear as human speech,  
"The peace of God, that passeth understanding,  
Be and abide with you forevermore!"

## MOODS

OH that a Song would sing itself to me  
Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart  
Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art,  
Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,  
With just enough of bitterness to be  
A medicine to this sluggish mood, and start  
The life-blood in my veins, and so impart  
Healing and help in this dull lethargy!  
Alas! not always doth the breath of song  
Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth  
At its own will, not ours, nor tarrieth long;  
We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth  
From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,  
Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth.

## WOODSTOCK PARK

HERE in a little rustic hermitage  
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,  
Postponed the cares of king-craft to translate  
The Consolations of the Roman sage.

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age  
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late  
The venturous hand that strives to imitate  
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.  
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine,  
And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth,  
One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.  
What prince hereditary of their line,  
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,  
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?

#### THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements lean  
As from a castle window, looking down  
On some gay pageant passing through a town,  
Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene;  
With what a gentle grace, with what serene  
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown  
Of youth and beauty and the fair renown  
Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been!  
From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,  
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,  
Gaze on the world below, the sky above;  
Hark! there is some one singing in the street;  
"Faith, Hope, and Love! these three," he seems to say;  
"These three; and greatest of the three is Love."

#### HOLIDAYS

THE holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows;—  
The happy days unclouded to their close;  
The sudden joys that out of darkness start  
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart  
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!  
White as the gleam of a receding sail,  
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,  
White as the whitest lily on a stream,

These tender memories are;—a fairy tale  
Of some enchanted land we know not where,  
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

## WAPENTAKE

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;  
Not as a knight, who on the listed field  
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield  
In token of defiance, but in sign  
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,  
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,  
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,  
My admiration for thy verse divine.  
Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,  
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!  
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,  
To thee our love and our allegiance,  
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

## THE BROKEN OAR

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand  
A poet wandered with his book and pen,  
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,  
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.  
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,  
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,  
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then  
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.  
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed  
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read:  
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"  
And like a man, who findeth what was lost,  
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,  
And flung his useless pen into the sea.



## THE CROSS OF SNOW

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—  
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head  
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
Here in this room she died; and soul more white  
Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
To its repose; nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedight.  
There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

## ULTIMA THULE

### DEDICATION

TO G. W. G.

WITH favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,  
We sailed for the Hesperides,  
The land where golden apples grow;  
But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far since then the ocean streams  
Have swept us from that land of dreams,  
That land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these  
The tempest-haunted Orcades,  
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar,  
And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!  
Here in thy harbors for a while  
We lower our sails; a while we rest  
From the unending, endless quest.

## POEMS

BAYARD TAYLOR

DEAD he lay among his books!  
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will nevermore  
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Nevermore his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!  
He is gone, who was its guest;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,  
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou, whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy hearse:

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,  
In Deukalion's life, thine own;

On the ruins of the Past  
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,  
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books,  
The peace of God in all thy looks!

## THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see,  
In the Chamber over the Gate,  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore  
For his son, who is no more?  
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late,  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
The voice sounds like a blast,  
Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town;  
And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me,  
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair.  
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more.  
With him our joy departs;  
The light goes out in our hearts;  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate.  
O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief;  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross;  
And forever the cry will be  
"Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son!"

## FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

Am I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebon throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may to me belong;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer-time  
The affluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

## JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!  
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,  
As down to his death in the hollow  
Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,  
Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!  
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,  
As the vision, that lured him to follow,  
With the mist and the darkness blended,  
And the dream of his life was ended;  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

## THE IRON PEN

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise  
From the casket where it lies—  
Of itself would arise and write  
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,  
I dreamed these gems from the mines  
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine  
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain  
Of Bonnivard might retain  
Some verse of the Poet who sang  
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast  
Might write me a rhyme at last,  
As it used to write on the sky  
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,  
Like a Bishop lying in state  
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold,  
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say  
That the light of that summer day  
In the garden under the pines  
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,  
Caressed by the fragrant air,  
With the shadow on your face,  
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone  
Of a voice before unknown,  
Saying, "This is from me to you—  
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain  
I shall answer and thank you again  
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,  
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be  
As a blessing from you to me,  
As a drop of the dew of your youth  
On the leaves of an aged tree.

#### ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr  
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,  
Sings at his task  
So clear, we know not if it is  
The laverock's song we hear, or his,  
Nor care to ask.



For him the ploughing of those fields  
A more ethereal harvest yields  
    Than sheaves of grain;  
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,  
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,  
    Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed  
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed  
    Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass  
And heather, where his footsteps pass,  
    The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines  
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;  
    He feels the force,  
The treacherous undertow and stress  
Of wayward passions, and no less  
    The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;  
    The brush-wood, hung  
Above the tavern door, lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
    Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
Rises o'er all, elate and strong;  
    Its master-chords  
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,  
Its discords but an interlude  
    Between the words.

And then to die so young, and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve!  
    Yet better sure  
Is this, than wandering up and down,  
An old man in a country town,  
    Infirm and poor.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth; his hand  
Guides every plough;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook,  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,  
A form of mingled mist and light  
From that far coast.  
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!  
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost!

## HELEN OF TYRE

WHAT phantom is this that appears  
Through the purple mists of the years,  
Itself but a mist like these?  
A woman of cloud and of fire;  
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,  
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets  
The phantom appears and retreats,  
And the Israelites that sell  
Thy lilies and lions of brass,  
Look up as they see her pass,  
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen  
At her side, in a gray gabardine,  
With beard that floats to his waist;  
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;  
He speaks, and she pauses to hear  
The words he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fame,  
From this life of sorrow and shame,  
I will lift thee and make thee mine;

Thou hast been Queen Candace,  
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be  
The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,  
To the fallen and forlorn  
Are whispered words of praise;  
For the famished heart believes  
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,  
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land  
The wizard's beckoning hand,  
As a leaf is blown by the gust,  
Till she vanishes into night.  
O reader, stoop down and write  
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,  
With thy rafts of cedar trees,  
Thy merchandise and thy ships,  
Thou, too, art become as naught,  
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,  
A name upon men's lips.

## ELEGIAC

DARK is the morning with mist; in the narrow mouth of the  
harbor

Motionless lies the sea, under its curtain of cloud;  
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on the distant horizon,  
Like to the towers of a town, built on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail forth into the ocean;  
With them sail my thoughts over the limitless deep,  
Farther and farther away, borne on by unsatisfied longings,  
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have disappeared in the ocean;  
Sunk are the towers of the town into the depths of the sea!

All have vanished but those that, moored in the neighboring  
roadstead,  
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so large in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the dim, unsatisfied longings;  
Sunk are the turrets of cloud into the ocean of dreams;  
While in a haven of rest my heart is riding at anchor,  
Held by the chains of love, held by the anchors of trust!

#### OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR

WHAT an image of peace and rest  
Is this little church among its graves!  
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,  
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,  
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands  
Over this humble hermitage,  
And seems to caress with its little hands  
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands  
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age!

You cross the threshold; and dim and small  
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold;  
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,  
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,  
Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton  
Hardly more spacious is than this;  
But poet and pastor, blent in one,  
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,  
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without  
That makes the building small or great,  
But the soul's light shining round about,  
And the faith that overcometh doubt,  
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,  
 Were I a pastor of Holy Church,  
 More than a Bishop's diocese  
 Should I prize this place of rest and release  
 From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay, and let the world  
 With its distant thunder roar and roll;  
 Storms do not rend the sail that is furled;  
 Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled  
 In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

## FOLK-SONGS

### THE SIFTING OF PETER

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told  
How Peter in the days of old  
Was sifted;  
And now, though ages intervene,  
Sin is the same, while time and scene  
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,  
As wheat to sift us, and we all  
Are tempted;  
Not one, however rich or great,  
Is by his station or estate  
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is  
But he, by some device of his,  
Can enter;  
No heart hath armor so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,  
Who hear the warning voice, but go  
Unheeding,  
Till thrice and more they have denied  
The Man of Sorrows, crucified  
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face  
Will make us feel the deep disgrace  
Of weakness;  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at length  
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;  
 The reddening scars remain, and make  
     Confession;  
 Lost innocence returns no more;  
 We are not what we were before  
     Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
 Rise from disaster and defeat  
     The stronger;  
 And conscious still of the divine  
 Within them, lie on earth supine  
     No longer.

## MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK

## MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire,  
 With your golden feathers all on fire,  
 Tell me, what can you see from your perch  
 Above there over the tower of the church?

## WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below,  
 And the people moving to and fro,  
 And beyond, without either roof or street,  
 The great salt sea, and the fishermen's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in  
 Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,  
 And a young man standing on the deck,  
 With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,  
 And now he is kissing his finger-tips,  
 And now he is lifting and waving his hand,  
 And blowing the kisses toward the land.

## MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,  
 That is bringing my lover back to me,  
 Bringing my lover so fond and true,  
 Who does not change with the wind like you.

## WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,  
It is only because they made me so,  
And people would think it wondrous strange,  
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,  
When you and your lover meet to-day  
You will thank me for looking some other way.

## THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD! a giant am I!  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off, from the threshing-floors  
In barns, with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow,  
I meet it face to face  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,  
My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands;  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.



On Sundays I take my rest;  
    Church-going bells begin  
    Their low, melodious din;  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
    And all is peace within.

## THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

THE tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;  
Along the sea-sands damp and brown  
The traveller hastens toward the town,  
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;  
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveller to the shore,  
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

## IN THE HARBOR

### BECALMED

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,  
Still unattained the land it sought,  
My mind, with loosely-hanging sails,  
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,  
The ocean stretches like a floor,—  
A level floor of amethyst,  
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!  
Shake and uplift this golden glow!  
And fill the canvas of the mind  
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel  
The straining sail, the lifting keel,  
The life of the awakening sea,  
Its motion and its mystery!

### THE POET'S CALENDAR

#### JANUARY

JANUS am I; oldest of potentates;  
Forward I look, and backward, and below  
I count, as god of avenues and gates,  
The years that through my portals come and go.  
I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow;  
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;  
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,  
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

## FEBRUARY

I am lustration; and the sea is mine!  
I wash the sands and headlands with my tide;  
My brow is crowned with branches of the pine;  
Before my chariot-wheels the fishes glide.  
By me all things unclean are purified,  
By me the souls of men washed white again;  
E'en the unlovely tombs of those who died  
Without a dirge, I cleanse from every stain.

## MARCH

I Martius am! Once first, and now the third!  
To lead the Year was my appointed place;  
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,  
And set there Janus with the double face.  
Hence I make war on all the human race;  
I shake the cities with my hurricanes;  
I flood the rivers and their banks efface,  
And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains.

## APRIL

I open wide the portals of the Spring  
To welcome the procession of the flowers,  
With their gay banners, and the birds that sing  
Their song of songs from their aerial towers.  
I soften with my sunshine and my showers  
The heart of earth; with thoughts of love I glide  
Into the hearts of men; and with the Hours  
Upon the Bull with wreathed horns I ride.

## MAY

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud proclaim  
My coming, and the swarming of the bees.  
These are my heralds, and behold! my name  
Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn-trees.  
I tell the mariner when to sail the seas;  
I waft o'er all the land from far away  
The breath and bloom of the Hesperides,  
My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.

## JUNE

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes, and mine  
The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights  
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,  
The foliage of the valleys and the heights.  
Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;  
The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;  
I am the mother of all dear delights;  
I am the fairest daughter of the year.

## JULY

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe  
The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land;  
My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,  
And bent before me the pale harvests stand.  
The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,  
And there is thirst and fever in the air;  
The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand;  
I am the Emperor whose name I bear.

## AUGUST

The Emperor Octavian, called the August,  
I being his favorite, bestowed his name  
Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,  
In memory of him and of his fame.  
I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame  
Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage;  
Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim  
The golden Harvests as my heritage.

## SEPTEMBER

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise  
The night and day; and when unto my lips  
I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise  
Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships;  
The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips;  
Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight;  
The hedges are all red with haws and hips,  
The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

## OCTOBER

My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves,  
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;  
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,  
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.  
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,  
The dreamy air is full, and overflows  
With tender memories of the summer-tide,  
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

## NOVEMBER

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,  
Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace;  
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,  
A steed Thessalian with a human face.  
Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase  
The leaves, half dead already with affright;  
I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race  
Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

## DECEMBER

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,  
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine  
Is of the holly; in my hand I bear  
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine.  
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
And the return of the Saturnian reign;—  
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,  
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men."

## AUTUMN WITHIN

It is autumn; not without,  
But within me is the cold.  
Youth and spring are all about;  
It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air,  
Singing, building without rest;  
Life is stirring everywhere,  
Save within my lonely breast.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

There is silence: the dead leaves  
 Fall and rustle and are still;  
 Beats no flail upon the sheaves,  
 Comes no murmur from the mill.

## THE FOUR LAKES OF MADISON

Four limpid lakes,—four Naiades  
 Or sylvan deities are these,  
 In flowing robes of azure dressed;  
 Four lovely handmaids, that uphold  
 Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,  
 To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun  
 Drink of these waters as they run  
 Their swift diurnal round on high;  
 By night the constellations glow  
 Far down the hollow deeps below,  
 And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
 Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,  
 How visionary ye appear!  
 All like a floating landscape seems  
 In cloud-land or the land of dreams,  
 Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

## VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

As one who long hath fled with panting breath  
 Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,  
 I turn and set my back against the wall,  
 And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.  
 I call for aid, and no one answereth;  
 I am alone with thee, who conquerest all;  
 Yet me thy threatening form doth not appall,  
 For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.  
 Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt,  
 With armor shattered, and without a shield,

I stand unmoved; do with me what thou wilt;  
I can resist no more, but will not yield.  
This is no tournament where cowards tilt;  
The vanquished here is victor of the field.

## MOONLIGHT

As a pale phantom with a lamp  
Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,  
So glides the moon along the damp  
Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,  
As if this phantom, full of pain,  
Were by the crumbling walls concealed,  
And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud  
In all the splendor of her light,  
She walks the terraces of cloud,  
Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more  
Objects familiar to my view;  
The very pathway to my door  
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade,  
The elm-trees drop their curtains down;  
By palace, park, and colonnade  
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet  
Is clothed with a diviner air;  
While marble paves the silent street  
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies  
The common life of every day;  
Only the spirit glorifies  
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift  
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind;  
We see but what we have the gift  
Of seeing; what we bring we find.

### THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

#### I

WHAT is this I read in history,  
Full of marvel, full of mystery,  
Difficult to understand?  
Is it fiction, is it truth?  
Children in the flower of youth,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
Ignorant of what helps or harms,  
Without armor, without arms,  
Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?  
Never since the world was made  
Such a wonderful crusade  
Started forth for Palestine.  
Never while the world shall last  
Will it reproduce the past;  
Never will it see again  
Such an army, such a band,  
Over mountain, over main,  
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
From the parent trees were they;  
Like a flock of birds that fly  
Through the unfrequented sky,  
Holding nothing as their own,  
Passed they into lands unknown,  
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!  
O the faith that could believe  
What the harnessed, iron-mailed  
Knights of Christendom had failed,



By their prowess, to achieve,  
They, the children, could and must!

Little thought the Hermit, preaching  
Holy Wars to knight and baron,  
That the words dropped in his teaching,  
His entreaty, his beseeching,  
Would by children's hands be gleaned,  
And the staff on which he leaned  
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves  
The innumerable leaves  
In the bosom of a wood,—  
Not as separate leaves, but massed  
All together by the blast,—  
So for evil or for good  
His resistless breath upheaved  
All at once the many-leaved,  
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air  
Rock the boughs with all the nests  
Cradled on their tossing crests;  
By the fervor of his prayer  
Troubled hearts were everywhere  
Rocked and tossed in human breasts.

For a century, at least,  
His prophetic voice had ceased;  
But the air was heated still  
By his lurid words and will,  
As from fires in far-off woods,  
In the autumn of the year,  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

## II

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine;  
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,

And the thronging streets were loud  
With the voices of the crowd;—  
Underneath the city walls  
Silent flowed the river Rhine.

From the gates, that summer day,  
Clad in robes of hoddenn gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young crusaders fared;  
While above the band devoted  
Consecrated banners floated,  
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,  
And the cross o'er all the rest!  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,  
"Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer!"  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens. . . .

## III

Ah! what master hand shall paint  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint!

Ever swifter day by day  
Flowed the homeward river; ever  
More and more its whitening current  
Broke and scattered into spray,  
Till the calmly-flowing river  
Changed into a mountain torrent,  
Rushing from its glacier green  
Down through chasm and black ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest,  
Burned the red sun in the West,  
Sinking in an ashen cloud;  
In the East, above the crest  
Of the sea-like mountain chain,  
Like a phoenix from its shroud,  
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,  
 Closed the mountain peaks. Below,  
 Headlong from the precipice  
 Down into the dark abyss,  
 Plunged the cataract, white with foam;  
 And it said, or seemed to say:  
 "Oh return, while yet you may,  
 Foolish children, to your home,  
 There the Holy City is!"

But the dauntless leader said:  
 "Faint not, though your bleeding feet  
 O'er these slippery paths of sleet  
 Move but painfully and slowly;  
 Other feet than yours have bled;  
 Other tears than yours been shed.  
 Courage! lose not heart or hope;  
 On the mountains' southern slope  
 Lies Jerusalem the Holy!"  
 As a white rose in its pride,  
 By the wind in summer-tide  
 Tossed and loosened from the branch,  
 Showers its petals o'er the ground,  
 From the distant mountain's side,  
 Scattering all its snows around,  
 With mysterious, muffled sound,  
 Loosened, fell the avalanche.  
 Voices, echoes far and near,  
 Roar of winds and waters blending,  
 Mists uprising, clouds impending,  
 Filled them with a sense of fear,  
 Formless, nameless, never ending.

. . . . .

## SUNDOWN

THE summer sun is sinking low;  
 Only the tree-tops redden and glow:  
 Only the weathercock on the spire  
 Of the neighboring church is a flame of fire;  
 All is in shadow below.

## POEMS OF LONGFELLOW

O beautiful, awful summer day,  
 What hast thou given, what taken away?  
 Life and death, and love and hate,  
 Homes made happy or desolate,  
     Hearts made sad or gay!

On the road of life one mile-stone more!  
 In the book of life one leaf turned o'er!  
 Like a red seal is the setting sun  
 On the good and the evil men have done,-  
     Naught can to-day restore!

## CHIMES

SWEET chimes! that in the loneliness of night  
     Salute the passing hour, and in the dark  
     And silent chambers of the household mark  
     The movements of the myriad orbs of light!  
 Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,  
     I see the constellations in the arc  
     Of their great circles moving on, and hark!  
     I almost hear them singing in their flight.  
 Better than sleep it is to lie awake,  
     O'er-canopied by the vast starry dome  
     Of the immeasurable sky; to feel  
 The slumbering world sink under us, and make  
     Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of foam  
     On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

## FOUR BY THE CLOCK

"Nahant, September 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning."

FOUR by the clock! and yet not day;  
 But the great world rolls and wheels away,  
 With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,  
 Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark  
 Sends its glimmer across the dark,  
 And the heavy breathing of the sea  
 Is the only sound that comes to me.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning  
Of the familiar words, that men repeat

At parting in the street.

Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening  
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain

We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow  
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay

Lamenting day by day,

And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,  
We shall not find in its accustomed place

The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,  
Being released from earth, should still retain

A sense of earthly pain;

It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,  
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore

Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,  
That death is a beginning, not an end,

We cry to them, and send

Farewells, that better might be called predictions,  
Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown

Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,  
And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Women received their dead

Raised up to life, then only for a season

Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain

Until we meet again!

## ELEGIAC VERSE

Written at various times, mostly between April and July, 1881. In the notes at the end of the volume will be found further examples.

## I

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,  
Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,  
Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,  
Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,  
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,  
So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with cadence sonorous,  
Falls; and in reflux rhythm back the Pentameter flows.

## II

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet  
Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring.

## III

Not in tenderness' wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our  
poet;  
Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

## IV

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand;  
When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

## V

How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer by asking,  
Hail and snow and rain, are they not three, and yet one?

## VI

By the mirage uplifted, the land floats vague in the ether,  
Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motionless air;  
So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,  
So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.

## VII

Like a French poem is Life; being only perfect in structure  
When with the masculine rhymes mingled the feminine are.

## VIII

Down from the mountain descends the brooklet, rejoicing in freedom;

Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley below;  
Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing and laughing,  
Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

## IX

As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings  
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

## X

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within  
us;  
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

## XI

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;  
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

## XII

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language;  
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

## XIII

In the twilight of age all things seem strange and phantasmal,  
As between daylight and dark ghost-like the landscape appears.

## XIV

Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art of ending;  
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.

## THE CITY AND THE SEA

THE panting City cried to the Sea,  
"I am faint with heat,—Oh breathe on me!"

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe! but my breath  
To some will be life, to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease  
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame  
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.

It came from the heaving breast of the deep,  
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be;  
O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea?

#### MEMORIES

OFT I remember those whom I have known  
In other days, to whom my heart was led  
As by a magnet, and who are not dead,  
But absent, and their memories overgrown  
With other thoughts and troubles of my own,  
As graves, with grasses are, and at their head  
The stone with moss and lichens so o'er-spread,  
Nothing is legible but the name alone.  
And is it so with them? After long years,  
Do they remember me in the same way,  
And is the memory pleasant as to me?  
I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears?  
Pleasures, like flowers, may wither and decay,  
And yet the root perennial may be.

#### HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

STILL through Egypt's desert places  
Flows the lordly Nile,  
From its banks the great stone faces  
Gaze with patient smile.  
Still the pyramids imperious  
Pierce the cloudless skies,  
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,  
Solemn, stony eyes.



But where are the old Egyptian  
Demi-gods and kings?  
Nothing left but an inscription  
Graven on stones and rings.  
Where are Helios and Hephæstus,  
Gods of eldest eld?  
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred  
Thousand books he wrote?  
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,  
Lost in lands remote;  
In oblivion sunk forever,  
As when o'er the land  
Blows a storm-wind, in the river  
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,  
Seems this Theurgist,  
In deep meditation mostly  
Wrapped, as in a mist.  
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal  
To our thought he seems,  
Walking in a world ideal,  
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging  
Name and fame in one,  
Like a stream, to which, converging,  
Many streamlets run?  
Till, with gathered power proceeding,  
Ampler sweep it takes,  
Downward the sweet waters leading  
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,  
Pausing now and then,  
On the mystic union pondering  
Between gods and men;

Half believing, wholly feeling,  
With supreme delight,  
How the gods, themselves concealing,  
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,  
In the thoroughfare  
Breathing, as if consecrated,  
A diviner air;  
And amid discordant noises,  
In the jostling throng,  
Hearing far, celestial voices  
Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?  
Who has searched or sought  
All the unexplored and spacious  
Universe of thought?  
Who, in his own skill confiding,  
Shall with rule and line  
Mark the border-land dividing  
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!  
How thy name sublime  
Has descended to this latest  
Progeny of time!  
Happy they whose written pages  
Perish with their lives,  
If amid the crumbling ages  
Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately  
Found I in the vast,  
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately,  
Grave-yard of the Past;  
And a presence moved before me  
On that gloomy shore,  
As a waft of wind, that o'er me  
Breathed, and was no more.

## TO THE AVON

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse  
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse;  
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall  
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now  
A boy with sunshine on his brow,  
And hear in Stratford's quiet street  
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge  
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;  
And lost in thought, as if thy stream  
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;  
And fain would follow where it goes,  
To the wide world, that shall ere long  
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;  
He stands upon another shore;  
A vaster river near him flows,  
And still he follows where it goes.

## PRESIDENT GARFIELD

THESE words the poet heard in Paradise,  
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,  
In the true faith was living in that sphere  
Where the celestial cross of sacrifice  
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;  
And set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,  
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,  
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.

Ah me! how dark the discipline of pain,  
Were not the suffering followed by the sense  
Of infinite rest and infinite release!  
This is our consolation; and again  
A great soul cries to us in our suspense,  
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

### MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,  
The sword two-handed and the shining shield  
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,  
While secret longings for the lost delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the field  
Came over him, and tears but half concealed  
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,  
So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other days;  
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
For they remind me of my other self,  
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways  
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

### MAD RIVER

✱  
IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

#### TRAVELLER

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
Why all this fret and flurry?  
Dost thou not know that what is best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry?

## THE RIVER

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,  
O stranger from the city?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty?

## TRAVELLER

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,  
With all its flowing numbers,  
And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
And hear it in my slumbers.

## THE RIVER

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child, that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the wide world I panted;  
Out of the forest, dark and dread,  
Across the open fields I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing cloud,  
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,  
Imploring and entreating;  
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow;  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
The rudeness of my labors;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
When, full of rage and trouble,  
I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating.  
Thou seest the day is past its prime;  
I can no longer waste my time;  
The mills are tired of waiting.

#### POSSIBILITIES

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong  
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were sent  
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,  
But with the utmost tension of the thong?  
Where are the stately argosies of song,  
Whose rushing keels made music as they went  
Sailing in search of some new continent,  
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?  
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught  
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,  
Who shall become a master of the art,  
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,  
Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet  
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

#### DECORATION DAY

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod;  
The shouts of battle cease,  
It is the truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

## A FRAGMENT

AWAKE! arise! the hour is late!  
Angels are knocking at thy door!  
They are in haste and cannot wait,  
And once departed come no more.

Awake! arise! the athlete's arm  
Loses its strength by too much rest;  
The fallow land, the untilled farm  
Produces only weeds at best.

## LOSS AND GAIN

WHEN I compare  
What I have lost with what I have gained,  
What I have missed with what attained,  
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware  
 How many days have been idly spent;  
 How like an arrow the good intent  
 Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare  
 To measure loss and gain in this wise?  
 (Defeat may be victory in disguise;  
 The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.)

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN

(O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet;  
 Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;  
 It flows for rich and poor the same.)  
 Then go thy way, remembering still  
 The wayside well beneath the hill,  
 The cup of water in his name.

#### THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas  
 To the ships that southward pass  
 From the harbor of Mazatlan?  
 To them it is nothing more  
 Than the sound of surf on the shore,—  
 Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,  
 To whom what is and what seems  
 Are often one and the same,—  
 The Bells of San Blas to me  
 Have a strange, wild melody,  
 And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;  
 They have tones that touch and search  
 The hearts of young and old;  
 One sound to all, yet each  
 Lends a meaning to their speech,  
 And the meaning is manifold.



They are a voice of the Past,  
Of an age that is fading fast,  
    Of a power austere and grand;  
When the flag of Spain unfurled  
Its folds o'er this western world,  
    And the Priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down  
On the little seaport town  
    Has crumbled into the dust;  
And on oaken beams below  
The bells swing to and fro,  
    And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"  
They say, "and in its stead  
    Is some new faith proclaimed,  
That we are forced to remain  
Naked to sun and rain,  
    Unsheltered and ashamed?"

"Once in our tower aloof  
We rang over wall and roof  
    Our warnings and our complaints;  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
    Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown  
Forgetful of their own?  
    Are they asleep, or dead,  
That open to the sky  
Their ruined Missions lie,  
    No longer tenanted?"

"Oh, bring us back once more  
The vanished days of yore,  
    When the world with faith was filled;  
Bring back the fervid zeal,  
The hearts of fire and steel,  
    The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again  
We will send over land and main  
Our voices of command,  
Like exiled kings who return  
To their thrones, and the people learn  
That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again!  
The Past is deaf to your prayer;  
Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.

## FRAGMENTS

October 22, 1858

NEGLECTED record of a mind neglected,  
Unto what "lets and stops" art thou subjected!  
The day with all its toils and occupations,  
The night with its reflections and sensations,  
The future, and the present, and the past,—  
All I remember, feel, and hope at last,  
All shapes of joy and sorrow, as they pass,—  
Find but a dusty image in this glass.

August 18, 1847

O faithful, indefatigable tides,  
That evermore upon God's errands go,—  
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land,—  
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea,—  
And filling every frith and estuary,  
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,  
Each thread and filament of water-courses,  
Full with your ministration of delight!  
Under the rafters of this wooden bridge  
I see you come and go; sometimes in haste  
To reach your journey's end, which being done  
With feet unrested ye return again  
And recommence the never-ending task;  
Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,  
And fretted only by the impeding rocks.

December 18, 1847

Soft through the silent air descend the feathery snow-flakes;  
White are the distant hills, white are the neighboring fields;  
Only the marshes are brown, and the river rolling among them  
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the eyes of the blind.

August 4, 1856

A lovely morning, without the glare of the sun, the sea in  
great commotion, chafing and foaming.

So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring and  
gleaming,

Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again.  
But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its passage,  
Though the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand.